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Saturday Review

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CAN WE LEARN FROM OTHER PLANETS?

By Fred Hoyle

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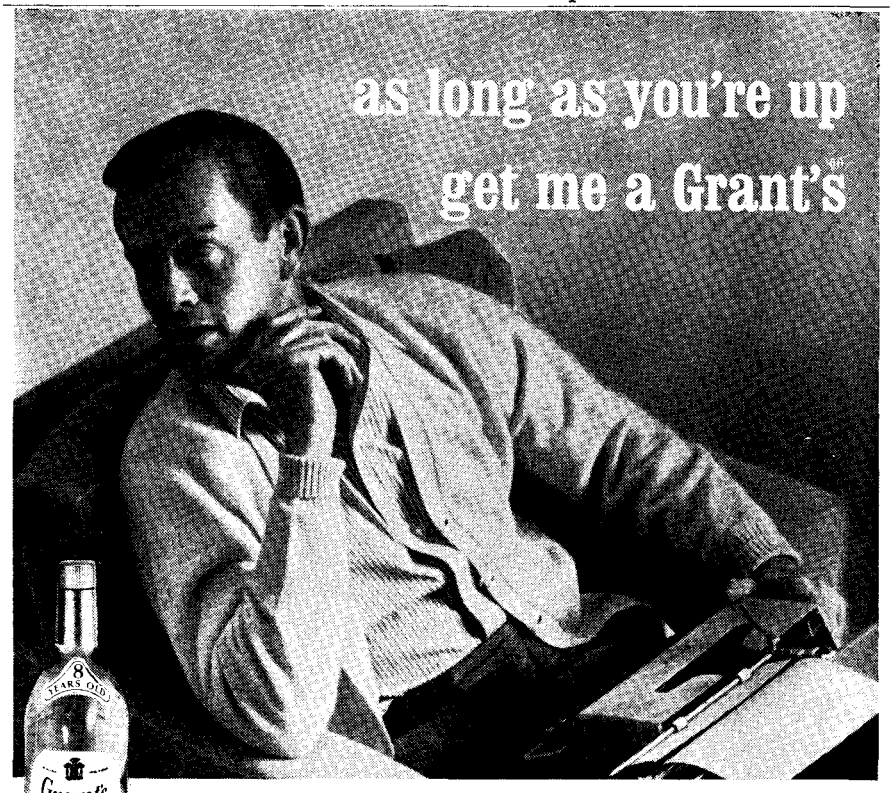

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Saturday Review

November 7, 1964

SR: Ideas

16 Notes on a 1963 Visit with Khrushchev, by Norman Cousins
26 Asking the Wrong Questions: An Editorial

SR: Science

63 Can We Learn from Other Planets? by Fred Hoyle

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
23 Index of books reviewed
45 Children's Book Week Supplement

SR: Departments

9 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
10 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
12 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
22 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
27 Letters to the Editor
28 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin on the London Symphony Orchestra and Menotti's *Bishop*
29 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *Golden Boy*
30 *SR* Recommends
31 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on the trials of an FM station
31 Literary I.Q.
32 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton on why Johnny won't fly
34 Chess Corner, by Al Horowitz
35 As Others See Us, by James F. Fixx
43 Literary Crypt
76 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1596

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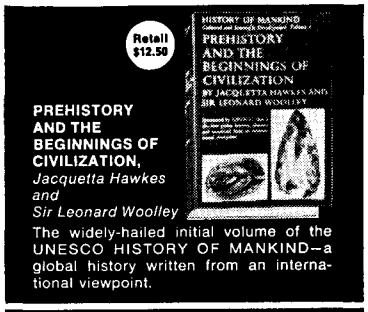

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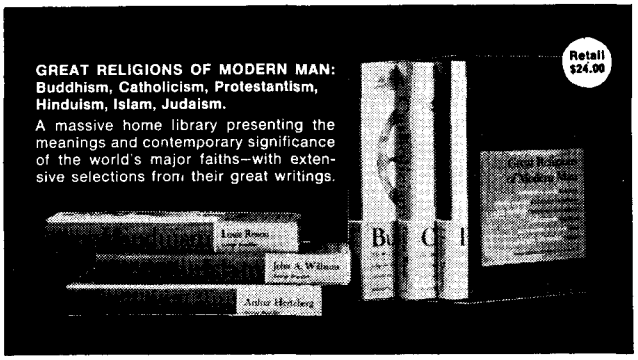

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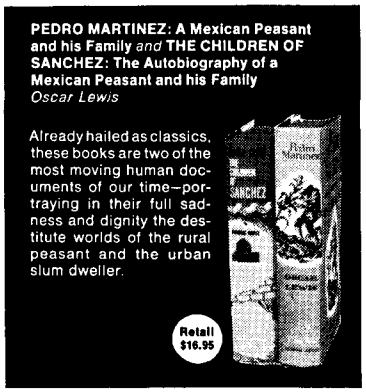

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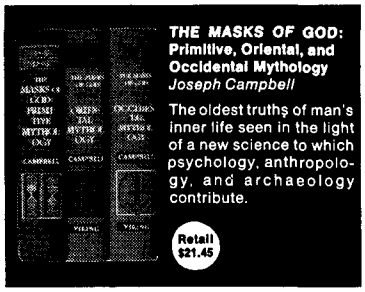

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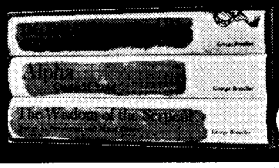

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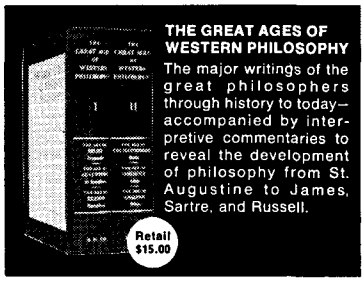

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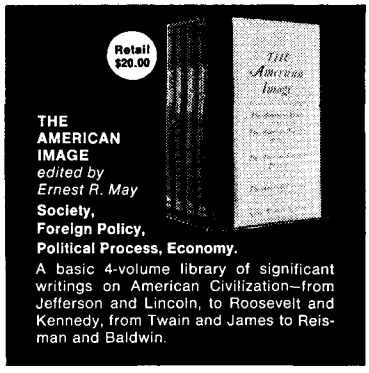

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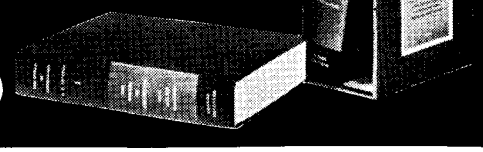

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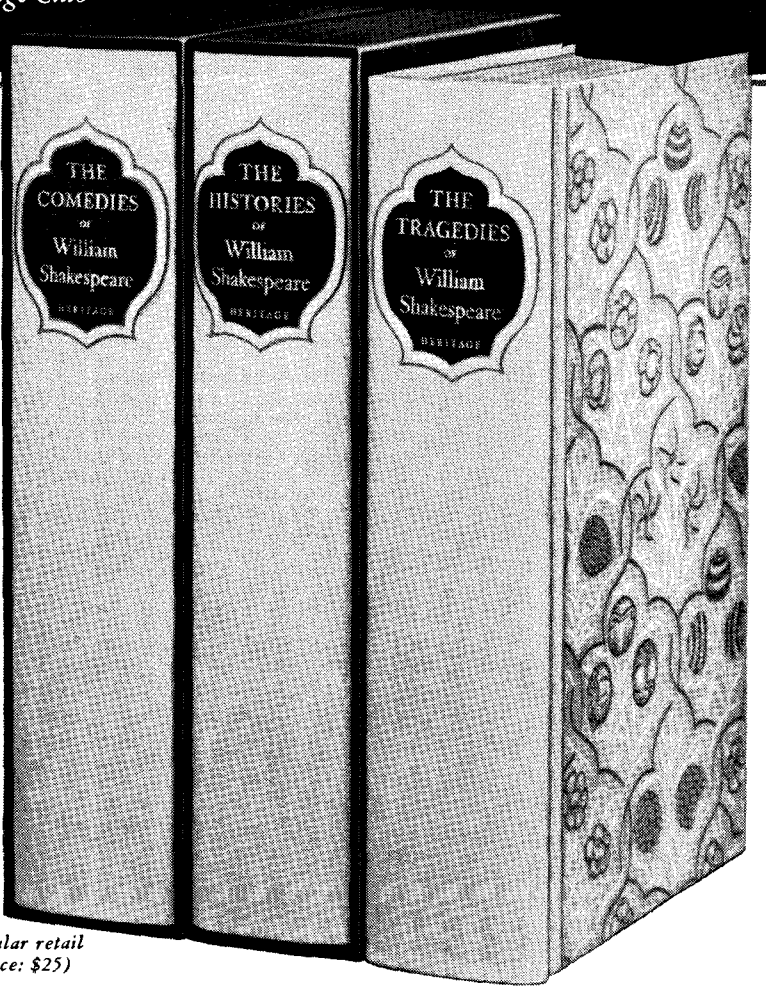

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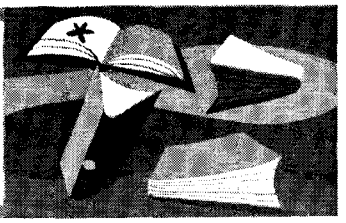
Trade Winds



It was deep in the jungle of the Dark Continent, the way Mort Gerberg described it to me. Our Peace Corps boys had got the local populace interested in sports. In the dusk one evening they gathered for all sorts of games, the scene lit by torchlight, with the drums beating

in the distance. The most exciting events came when men from the village grappled with each other with hammerlocks and scissors grips, trying for the best two out of three falls, as the Peace Corps fellows had taught them. Two old white planters sat on the verandah drinking their stengahs. One observed to the other, "The wrestlers are natives tonight."

I've been reading a new book called *Personal File*, written by Paul C. Smith and published by Appleton-Century. Smith was the boy wonder who was called East to save the Crowell-Collier magazine empire. The fact that there is no more Crowell-Collier magazine empire may indicate how successful he was. *Personal File* is an autobiography. As I read it I couldn't help but feel respect and pity for a guy who was literally born in a gutter and never said die. At the time I worked for him at Crowell-Collier, however, it was a different story. He was trying to raise millions of dollars to salvage the corporation and I was trying to keep up with the cost of living. The gap between Smith and me was wide.

That's why it seemed unusual for him to call a staff meeting one day to explain to everyone how things were going. He even invited the stenographers and the mailroom staff. He held nothing back. He told of the book division's $6,000,000 gross, of the 5 per cent debentures, of the $2,000,000 to be borrowed from the bank, and of the millions that were owed. He talked for three hours.

"And that's the story of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company," he concluded. "Now, are there any questions?"

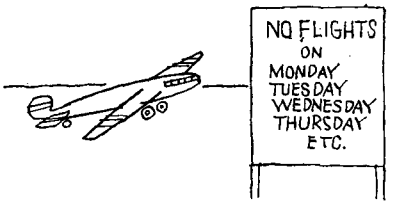
"Yes," said a secretary from the back of the room. "Why can't the Schrafft's coffee wagon come to the thirteenth floor?"

In Toronto the following back-to-school radio jingle has been heard recently:

Play it smart and play it cool,
You'll never play the part of a fool.
'Cause when you learn more,
You're bound to earn more,
When you stay in school.

As at least one Canadian remarked, a course in songwriting is in order.

In the summer edition of *Horizon* is a fascinating article about China by Mervyn Jones, an Englishman. (Since Americans are forbidden to visit the country, we must depend for our information on the citizens of more enlightened nations.) Jones reports, among other things, that it is difficult to get a Chinese to answer a question when he doesn't want to. When he asked whether there was rationing in China, the reply was, "We have planned distribution, to insure that all receive enough."



"But how much meat can each person buy?"

"As much as he needs. That is the purpose of the system."

"He can't buy as much as he wants, then?"

"It would be absurd to want more meat than one needs."

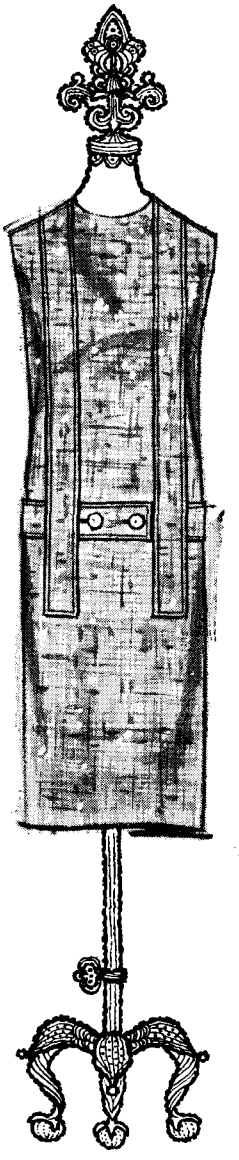
On another occasion, Jones asked how often there is a flight from Peking to Moscow.

"There is a daily plane," he was told, "but not necessarily every day."

I have a rat story and a mouse story. The first one concerns a lady in Schenectady who caught a big rat in one of those humane traps that doesn't hurt the creature. She didn't know what to do next, so she fed the rat for five days until her husband came home from a business trip and could dispose of it.

The other case must have occurred

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



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The Villager

1407 Broadway, New York

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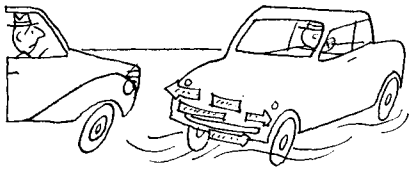
many years ago, because it was before the Golden Gate Bridge was completed. Commuters living in Marin County had to ferry across to San Francisco to get to work. Alexander Poniatoff, the California industrialist, then lived in Mill Valley. He and his wife were animal lovers and they, too, had humane traps for the mice in the house.

They could not bear to kill the captured mice, however, so when the collection was big enough they would be placed in a brown paper bag. Mr. Poniatoff would take the bag with him when he went to work. When he got off the ferry in San Francisco he would open the bag and let the mice free.

Sharps and Flats: Trinity School in New York City keeps up with the times. On a questionnaire sent to alumni recently, there's a place to list "marriages."

► Even Doubleday, the publishers, got cold feet when it came to claiming that Mickey Mantle had written his new



book, *The Quality of Courage*. Although it's all in the first person, there is no "by," no "as told to," no "with," nor any mention of the ghostwriter. The book is simply *The Quality of Courage*, Mickey Mantle.

► In Hawaii the Meadow Gold Dairy produces yogurt in five delicious flavors: strawberry, apricot, prune whip, vanilla, and natural-flavored plain. And there's no extra charge for the natural-flavored plain.

► Paul B. Johnson found this sign in a large bookstore in Dublin: "There are over 8,000 books banned in Eire. If by chance we have one on display, please inform us and it will be destroyed."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1595)

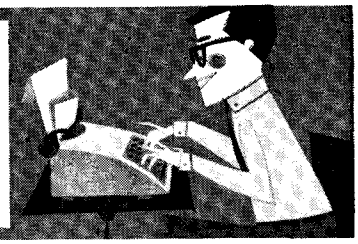
Adrienne C. Rich:

ALLHALLOWS' EVE

(Suggested by F. J. Roberts)

Bones, you have had your heyday
• • •
What need to go parading now?
• • •
Stay home tonight from haunting,
Since men to men now are
More ghostlike than the ghostly,
And feel that breath all year
That once blew on Allhallows'
In the innocence of fear.

Top of My Head



The Book Is Thrown at Television

THE SCENE outside my window is a burnished landscape of russet and yellow leaves swirling in phantasmagoric confusion in the chill breath of a gusty wind. And I know that autumn is here. I know because that's the landscape I see on the calendar on an office wall across the street.

I also know the dismal season is here because the dismal recriminations have begun to swirl in phantasmagoric explanations from the big winds in the high eyries of television, alibiing the unusually sad assortment of new programs and how they got that way. One such explanation is in a new book by Merle Miller, novelist and TV writer. The title: *Only You, Dick Daring*, with the subtitle *How to Write One Television Script and Make $50,000,000*. My colleague Robert Lewis Shayon had some things to say about it in last week's TV and Radio column, but it is so deftly damning that it deserves a second glance.

Written by a man with an ear for deadly dialogue and with a wit as incisive as Dr. Casey's scalpel, the book is highly recommended to all amphitheater patrons who enjoy slaughter in high places. It's an operation performed without anesthesia—fun for the doctor but hell on the patient, the patient in this case being the entire cast of men who met last year in solemn conclave to launch an hour TV series titled *Calhoun*, written and rewritten and rewritten and rewritten by Mr. Miller to suit the whims of assorted vice presidents.

I was disappointed to read a review of the book by Richard Doan, *Herald Tribune* television columnist, who described Mr. Miller as "a loser, a combatant in the TV arena who met defeat . . . and promptly and consequently went forth to spread his hurt on paper." Actually Mr. Miller is not the loser. It's television and all the omniscient men of the filming factories with their ever-helpful suggestions of change calculated to bring a program to its highest potential (the highest potential being a respectable Nielsen rating).

Mr. Doan concedes that the book is "devastatingly funny" but, he writes, "unlikely to unleash any severe repercussions." Actually the book is devastatingly sad, and for the reason that Mr. Doan gives: that there will be no repercussions. The network, the men who film for television, and the actors will continue to cater to the lowest denominator. Here we have the spectacle of Mr. Miller—an accredited writer who contributed to television's golden age, the time of *Playhouse 90* and *Philco Playhouse*—attempting to fit himself into the time of *Peyton Place* and *Bristol Court*.

He is candid enough to admit that he had a shining and lofty motive—money. During the year that he wrote and rewrote and rewrote the script of *Calhoun*, Mr. Miller was to discover that in television money could only buy you ulcers, premature gray hair, and immature crying as you try to fall asleep at night.

All the indignities usually reserved for comedy writers were heaped upon this dramatic writer of a script that, he hoped, would not only entertain but have a little something to say. But all the things he had to say were said for him by the uncreative oracles of television, until finally his script was as twisted and tortured as he himself had become.

The suggestions ranged from the head of a network's insisting there be included "a friendly lynching mob scene" to the lament of a vice president after the show was filmed and ready for viewing that they could have captured a half-million more viewers by having Jackie Cooper, in the role of Calhoun, own a dog. And we may assume that if during the run of the show the dog had pups, it would have drawn millions more.

LUCKILY for us, Mr. Miller kept a journal of all the happenings during his bout with present-day chaotic television. I'm cockeyedly optimistic enough to hope that someday somewhere, in a high television office, somebody who read the book will rise and in a moment of truth say: "Hold the phone, fellows. What are we doing?"

If that doesn't happen, and writers continue to be thought of as typists, television may find itself entirely depleted of creativity. Suppose that happened. Suppose every television writer decided to quit. What do you mean, "Fat chance"?

Even Khrushchev finally quit when he found out Russia was a Communist front.

—Goodman Ace.

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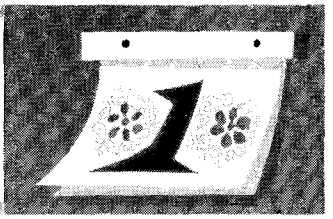
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

OCTOBER was a very confusing month. The way we understand it, Labor won the World Series, the Russians buried Berra, and the Chinese set off the War of Jenkins' Ear. And, of course, the big question in everybody's mind was: Where was Khrushchev? Frankly, we don't know. The last time we saw him he was going into CBS with Mel Allen and Jackie Mason.

• • •

On the New York election scene, we liked best the last-minute phone conversation of Senator Ted Kennedy with his brother Bob. "If it's all the same to you," he said, "would you mind easing up on all those years we've been in New York? Now *I'm* a carpetbagger in Massachusetts."

• • •

On the Broadway scene, we hear from time to time that the theater is dead—but we never thought we'd see the day when a show would open with visible evidence of same. On entering Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Physicist* at 8:10 each evening, however, you see not only the curtain already up and the stage in disarray, but also, on stage left, what appears to be the very dead body of a girl. Not for thirty minutes is there a single sign of life on stage right, left, or center, and since it is ten minutes more before the "body" is removed, the job of acting by Miss Susan Carr—who learned to breathe from the bottom of her stomach rather than her chest—is not only the hit bit of the season but also a rare *tour de corpse.*

• • •

On the movie front the event of the month was the long-awaited benefit opening—at $150 a ticket—for *My Fair Lady.* But after seeing it, great as it was, we felt $150 worth of sorrow that seemingly gone forever was the one chance to prove that a movie with "the original Broadway cast" could be as big a come-on as one with a new and different Hollywood "name." For regardless of the pro-Miss Hepburn reviews—and remember she has always been a critics' darling—the hard fact of the matter is that Audrey Hepburn is unconvincing as a Cockney and, even at her best, is simply not up to magnificent Mr. Harrison and the peerless Mr. Holloway. Alan Lerner's first choice for Eliza was Julie Andrews, but he was unhappily overruled by Jack Warner, who insisted, in typical modern Hollywood fashion, on "a box-office name abroad." However, when one considers that Mr. Warner's first choice for Professor Higgins was Cary Grant and that Mr. Warner's second choice was, of all people, Rock Hudson, one is inclined to wonder why he should have been indulged in *any* choice for Eliza—particularly when he paid $1,000,000 to get Miss Hepburn but only a bargain $250,000 for Mr. Harrison, who saved the movie. We were particularly inclined so to wonder when we watched, one Sunday morning, the longest lines we have ever seen outside Radio City Music Hall. They were waiting to see *Mary Poppins*—with, of course, Miss Julie Andrews.

• • •

On the sports scene, even looking down from the U.S.'s Olympian heights, we were a little concerned about all the people who used to say we would never beat the Russians. (Why, there the whole Government, people said, takes over the entire thing.) In this country, of course, we do things differently, and now that our Olympic team has won so magnificently we think perhaps it could be pressed into service to come back home and teach the Yankees in general, and Dan Topping in particular, how to lose. The way we feel at the moment, comparing CBS's treatment of Cronkite with the Yankees' treatment of Allen and Berra, all we can say is they deserve each other, but not by much.

• • •

Elsewhere on the TV scene, while the ABC network was taking bows for its remarkable feat, in the early ratings, of having the ten top shows on the air, there were at least two men, both ex-ABC'ers, walking around New York with red faces—James T. Aubrey, president of CBS-TV, and Robert Kintner, president of NBC. Mr. Aubrey had the dubious distinction of being specifically named in a very funny new book by Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes, *Only You, Dick Daring* (see page 10). Mr. Kintner is not specifically named in the other book about big-time TV—a novel called *The Chameleons,* which bears the usual novel's disclaimers—but the fact that the author, David Levy, was formerly Vice President in Charge of Net-

This business of "getting what you pay for" certainly holds for liqueurs. Take Crème de Menthe, for example.

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DUTTON

work Television Programs for NBC, as well as the fact that the "Federal Broadcasting Company" is headed by a man called "The Admiral," have led many a reader to his or her own conclusions. In any case, "Joe Gratton," the president of the network, spends the entire book in what is described as "that intoxicating, murderous little game of perpetuating himself in power." We were relieved when we talked to author Levy in Hollywood and he told us that he understood there was a new parlor game at all three networks—"the inhabitants of the book," he told us, "depending on the inhabitants of the parlor."

• • •

Elsewhere there were two brand-new wrinkles on the entertainment scene. One was the return of vaudeville in, of all places, the cabin of an airplane on a New York-Miami run—a proposed new in-flight service of Eastern Air Lines. The performers were singer-guitarist Peggy Lord and magician Harry Blackstone, Jr., and we liked particularly the latter's insistence that he "was now the highest paid performer in the business—33,000 feet." The second new wrinkle was an in-person TV talk-type show put on right—or wrong—in a nightclub. The event occurred at John Krimsky's Strollers Theater, where producer Bob Bach and Miss Betty Furness undertook to moderate the immoderate—the drinkers who heckle the thinkers, and vice versa. The night we were there, the in-person panel also included Miss Lisa Howard, the former news commentator who was given an enforced leave of absence from her network for political activity. Somehow, after hearing her, we were not only pro the network; we were even torn on the question of woman's suffrage.

• • •

On the book front, editor Robert Cromie, as befits a former sports editor, took a busman's holiday and came up with a remarkable golf anthology (*Par for the Course*). And finally, of course, as particularly fitting for this coming month, the Kennedy books continued—the outstanding ones being the stern but factual *Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy*, by Richard Whalen, and the haunting *Wounded Land*, by Hans Habe. But, on November 22, we propose to reread a whole book—it's only a few pages—called *Kennedy*, by Molly Day Thacher Kazan, the wife of Elia Kazan and a lady who herself died a month after the assassination. In it she says:

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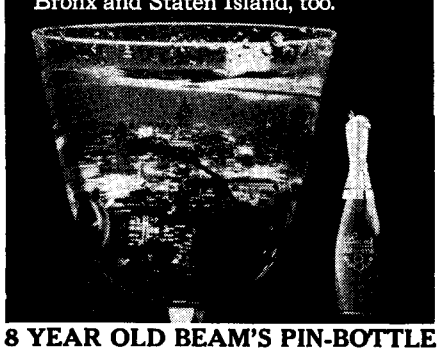

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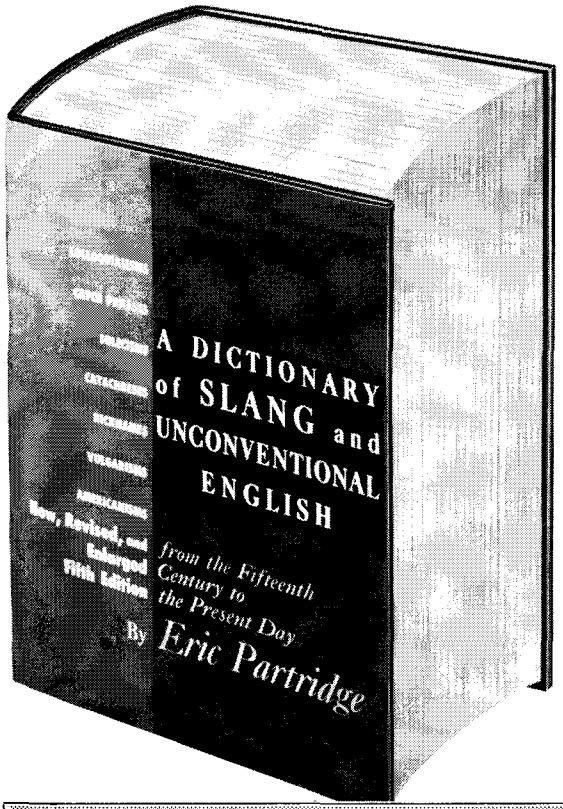

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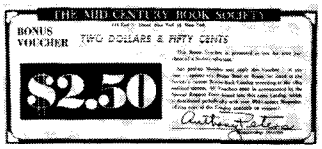

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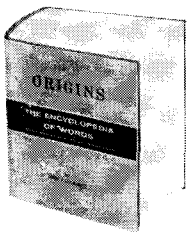

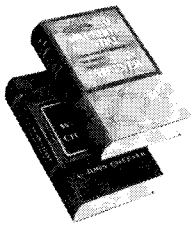

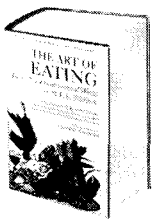

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Saturday Review

November 7, 1964

Notes on a 1963 Visit With

KHRUSHCHEV

By NORMAN COUSINS

NOTE: *On April 12, 1963, SR's editor had a seven-hour meeting with Nikita Khrushchev. Because the editor's role at that meeting was not as journalist but as private emissary, no report of the visit was published at that time. The account appears now in view of recent events in the Soviet Union and for whatever light it may throw on the man who has been ousted from his office and whose whereabouts and condition are still a mystery as of press time for this issue.*

THE ASPHALT road from Sochi to Gagra along the edge of the Black Sea curls, climbs, and dives through the rugged and verdant hills that drop down to the water. The automobiles proceed cautiously, not only because of the sudden turns but because this road is a paradise for bicycle clubs. Long skeins of cyclers, their backs bent low and their bodies seemingly fused into the frames, come shooting at you in endless swift files around the curves.

It is on this road, some sixty miles from the airport at Sochi, that Nikita Khrushchev, former Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the USSR, had his country retreat. The house, large but not ostentatious, was set back from the road behind a low wall in a grove of silver-streaked pine trees. The place appeared to be lightly guarded. One man was posted at the gate and waved us in when he recognized the driver.

AS soon as we turned into the estate, I discerned a heavy-set figure standing in the driveway in front of the house. It was Mr. Khrushchev, patiently waiting to welcome us. He was wearing a green-and-tan tweed cape and a large gray unblocked fedora. He greeted my two daughters and me. I said I regretted that our various connections en route from Moscow had made us a half-hour late. He replied that he would refer our apologies to the chef and suggested we proceed immediately to the luncheon table.

The dining room with its large glass doors looked out on the sea. Mr. Khrushchev did the seating, explaining that Mrs. Khrushchev was in Moscow. Lunch was actually a full Russian dinner, with a vast assortment of appetizers, then fish, soup, pancakes, veal, wines, cheeses, and pudding. The Chairman steered the table conversation; he had an anecdote to fit every course.

When I found some excuse for not going all the way with the substantial pourings of vodka, the Chairman told of the time he was in the company of some Georgians, who, in keeping with tradition, were drinking out of a massive wine bowl. As the bowl was passed, each man was expected to hold his own in terms of the duration and depth of a single gulp. The Chairman said he knew he was traveling in fast company but decided to take the bowl and the plunge nevertheless. "Served me right," he said. "I was sick for a week."

During tea, he told the story of a frustrated tea drinker whose wife never gave him sugar for his tea. When away from home, he took out his resentment against his wife by thickening his tea with sugar to the point where he could hardly get it down. At home or away, therefore, the poor chap went through life without ever getting his tea just the way he liked it.

This is not to say that the luncheon was entirely without serious conversation. The Chairman asked whether we

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had observed all the flags on display along the roads and streets. This day, April 12, marked the anniversary of Yuri Gagarin's first flight into space.

"I was down here at the time and rushed up to Moscow to congratulate him," the Chairman said.

I said I understood from Eugenii Fedorov, one of the leading scientists of the Soviet Union, that ordinary people would eventually be able to go up into space; in fact, that this was the way many people would want to take their vacations.

"It will be an interesting development, but it won't happen next week. Still, things are being simplified very rapidly and we hope before long to announce that we have trained a female cosmonaut. My scientists tell me they are ready right now, today, to put a man on the moon. But they can't assure me they can get him off and back home again. Of course, I told them it would have to be a round trip. I understand that the United States is very eager to be the first to do it. I say all the more power to you and good luck"—and he swept his arms in front of him in a polite gesture of stepping aside.

I asked the Chairman if he came to his Black Sea retreat in order to rest.

Not always, he replied. Sometimes he came here when he had important problems to think through or important speeches to write. He would walk through the pine grove or along the beach, and he would read and dictate. At such times, he would shut off the telephone and tell the people in Moscow not to bother him.

"There are some things that can be done right only if you take the time they require," he said. "A chicken has to sit quietly for a certain time if she expects to lay an egg. If I have something to hatch, I have to take the time to do it right. It is here that I thought through the problem of what to do about Stalin—whether to tell the people the truth about the man—especially about the tyrannical and irresponsible methods he used in personal dictatorship, or to perpetuate the myth of his greatness.

"Not that everything that happened in his regime was bad," the Chairman continued. "We made progress in a number of respects. But we were also held back in many ways because of the unbelievable irrationality and brutality of Stalin.

[Four months earlier at my meeting with him at his office in the Kremlin, he said that there was "an important difference between Lenin and Stalin; Lenin forgave his enemies, and Stalin killed his friends." He also said how astonished he was, after all this time, to meet reasonably intelligent people who still thought Stalin was sane.]

"It was not an easy decision to make, whether to tell the people the truth. Men had gone off to war and had died with his name on their lips. It would come as a profound emotional shock to them—and many others—to know what kind of man Stalin really was. I came down to this place and thought carefully about the problem and then decided to tell the Party Congress everything I knew. It was here that I also drew up the new economic program to increase production.

—*N. C.*

K: "To play this game right you've got to hit the bird hard and fast and only a few inches above the net."

"It is very quiet here, as you can see," he said. "I have some visitors now and then; it's good to have a respite. Two weeks ago, some Somali government officials were here for some brief talks. You are not the first Americans to visit this place. A few months ago Secretary Udall was here. He made a fine impression on me. He said he had learned some things in observing our hydroelectric power developments. It is a big man who is willing to admit he can learn something from others.

"Also your John McCloy was here a few years ago. A very fine American and a gentleman. We went swimming together in the Black Sea. I think he enjoyed it. Then, your Walter Lippmann was here a couple of years ago. He went swimming, too. Also, your Eric Johnston was here. Americans make lively conversation.

"Now if you aren't too sleepy, we will walk around the grounds—if you would like to see the place."

I assured him we would, although I confess I got up somewhat heavily from the table.

Outside, we walked through the soft flooring of the grove of pine trees. The Chairman identified the trees as belonging to the rarest species of pine trees in the world. This was the only place, he said, where such trees had survived from their ancient beginnings. He was fond of these trees and had given many of them individual names but, like his grandchildren, there were so many of them that he was tempted to give them numbers instead.

The shaded walk soon led to a modern ranch-style structure on a hilltop. It had large glass windows and overlooked the sea.

"This is my sport house," the Chairman explained. "First we will see the swimming pool."

WE walked through a small indoor gymnasium and came upon the glass-enclosed pool. I judged it to be about thirty feet by seventy-five feet.

"The glass doors are electrically operated," Mr. Khrushchev said. "Here, I will show you."

He pressed a button and the giant doors began to retract.

Tongue in cheek, I told the Chairman that nowhere in the capitalist world had I seen a private swimming pool as magnificent as this.

The Chairman, with an equally straight face, consoled me, saying our society was still very young and that we

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would probably have one in due course.

When my daughters marveled at the swimming pool, the Chairman invited them to try it. They said they had not brought bathing suits.

"Don't let that worry you," the Chairman said. "Papa and I will look at the rest of the sport house and then we will have our serious talk on the terrace and you will be all alone. You will have the pool to yourselves and will be undisturbed."

The girls decided they would like to complete the tour of the house first. The Chairman escorted us into the small gymnasium, with its exercising equipment. When I asked what form of exercise he preferred, he pointed to the badminton racquets.

"I play badminton twice a day. Early morning and late afternoon. Then a swim and a rubdown."

I picked up one of the badminton racquets and bounced it against the flat of my hand.

"Do you happen to know anything about this little game?" he asked.

I confessed to a modest knowledge of the sport.

"Very well," he said, "we will have a go at it."

We picked up the racquets and started to play. Discretion seemed to me to require that I hit the shuttlecock high and to his right side, just as I would if I were playing with one of my daughters.

After a minute or two of this kind of play, the Chairman shook his head.

"*Nyet!*" he said. "That's not the way to play. My gymnasium instructor says that to play this game right you've got to hit the bird hard and fast and only a few inches above the net, like this—" Wham! And the bird came straight at my head.

Now that the ground rules were explicit, I no longer felt bound by excessive restraint. We went at it. I was astounded at the speed of the Chairman's reflexes and his agility. He not only kept the bird in play but made it whistle as he rifled his shots.

When we stopped, I observed that he was not winded or flushed. In a few days he would be sixty-nine. I thought of some newspaper stories I had read in Rome only four or five days earlier to the effect that he had had a heart attack or a stroke and that he had gone to the Black Sea to recuperate. Under the present circumstances, these stories were less than convincing.

I asked the Chairman if he would permit me to take some photographs of him at his favorite sport. He assented readily and played badminton with my daughters while I operated the camera.

The tour of the sport house was resumed. Just outside the small gymnasium was the sun deck. Even on the coldest days, the Chairman said, he would come here to enjoy the sun. On these occasions he made ample use of a giant bear coat. He held it up; it was a massive garment indeed.

"Maybe the girls would like to see my disappearing act," he said.

He climbed into the coat, grinned, and went into a going, going, gone routine, finally sinking into the coat until he was completely out of sight.

There came a few growls from inside the encased mass. My daughters were delightfully terrified. Then suddenly the top flap flew open and he reappeared with a loud "Boo!" It was obvious that he had developed certain skills as a grandfather.

The Chairman put the great coat down and said the time had come for serious talk.

"The girls are free to do what they wish," he said. "Papa and I will get down to business."

The girls went back to the pool and the Chairman and I sat at a small table inside the glass-enclosed terrace. We had our interpreter, Oleg Bykov (my own choice), and a rapporteur, Boris Ivanov, both of whom had accompanied us from Moscow.

• • •

THIS was my second meeting with Mr. Khrushchev in four months. In December 1962, the trip to Moscow was concerned with religious matters. I was acting in behalf of church leaders who felt the time might be opportune for exploring the possibilities of enlarged religious freedoms inside the Soviet Union. In particular, the object of the mission was to obtain the release of Bishop Slipyi, head of the Ukrainian Rite Orthodox Church. Bishop Slipyi had been interned for seventeen years.

On that previous visit, we had three hours together in his office in the Kremlin. He was relaxed, optimistic, confident. But now, in April 1963, he seemed somewhat weighted down, even withdrawn. I couldn't be sure, but he seemed to be under considerable pressure.

Understandably so. Many things had happened to change the atmosphere since December. The Chinese had been exploiting the Russian missile withdrawal from Cuba, charging that Nikita Khrushchev was guilty of appeasing the imperialistic Americans. They claimed he had demonstrated his unfitness to lead the world revolutionary movement and that he had no real desire to overthrow or defeat the capitalist West, preferring to coexist with the very forces Marx and Lenin said must be violently overthrown. In return, Nikita Khrushchev had asserted that appeasement was in no way involved. He said the missiles had been installed in Cuba because of the possibility of an American invasion. Once the invasion threat was removed, there was no need to keep missiles there. At any rate, he had said that a nuclear holocaust over Cuba had been averted: this was the important thing. Anyone who knew anything about atomic weapons, he had declared, knew there was no alternative to peaceful coexistence. He had charged that the Chinese were absolutists who were attempting to use ideological dogma in places and situations where it didn't fit.

Even so, as the result of Cuba, it seemed clear that Nikita Khrushchev felt compelled to prove he was not an appeaser. He could try to do this either by being tough and militant, or by producing evidence that his coexistence policies were yielding results.

It was evident, just after Cuba, that he had decided in favor of the latter course. He was apparently confident he could conclude an early agreement with the United States banning nuclear tests, thus proving the practical wisdom of his policies. But the hoped-for agreement had become stalled over the question of inspection, and there was mounting uneasiness inside Mr. Khrushchev's own inner councils about the effect of this impasse on the situation inside the Communist world. The Chinese had pounced upon this failure, referring to it as yet another example of Khrushchev's ineptness. Some of Khrushchev's own advisers began to stress the need for unity inside the Communist world. They wanted to set reasonable limits to the differences between the two countries.

It was not at all surprising, therefore, that Mr. Khrushchev should seem preoccupied at Gagra. He had two critically important events coming up in rapid succession—the Plenum of the Communist Party and the confrontation with the Chinese. Either one called for important leadership decisions and actions. The combination of both would put him to the severest test since coming to office. He had come to Gagra before when he had serious problems to think through; this time the totality of his policies was involved.

• • •

WE began our terrace discussion with matters that carried over from our talk of four months earlier. At that meeting—December 7, 1962—I had stated the case for the release of Bishop Slipyi. Bishop Slipyi had been imprisoned since 1947. I was authorized to say that Pope John was hopeful that the Bishop might spend his few remaining years—he was now in his seventies—at some distant seminary.

The Chairman had said at that December meeting that he would like to establish good relations with the Vatican and that he had a profound regard for

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Pope John, but he feared that the release of Bishop Slipyi would have exactly the opposite effect.

"In what way?" I had asked.

"The moment he is released, there will be big headlines saying the Bishop was tortured by the Reds," he had said. "This would not exactly help the cause of improved relations."

I had replied that it was my understanding that Pope John was not seeking the release of Bishop Slipyi for the purpose of propagandist exploitation. He was genuinely concerned about the health and well-being of the Bishop. As a matter of basic human justice, he hoped the Bishop would be freed.

The Chairman proceeded to expound on the case of Bishop Slipyi for almost twenty minutes. He traced the long history of rivalry between the Ukrainian Rite Orthodox Church and the Russian Orthodox Church. He spoke about Bishop Slipyi's predecessor, Metropolitan Sheptytsky, who died, the Chairman said, under circumstances that suggested his departure from this earth may have been unnaturally accelerated, although he did not say by whom. In any event, he said the Bishop had been imprisoned for good and sufficient reason.

MY purpose was not to argue that point, I had said. But it was seventeen years since the arrest took place. Surely any further punishment could serve no useful purpose.

You may be right, he had said, adding that he would look into the matter and let me know.

At that December meeting, as I got up to leave, the Chairman reached into a drawer and took out two letters on which Christmas greetings to Pope John and President Kennedy had already been engraved. Then he signed the letters and asked me to deliver them on my return to Rome and the United States.

Several weeks later, after I had returned to New York from the December meeting in Moscow, I had received a telephone call from the Soviet Ambassador in Washington. Ambassador Dobrynin asked if I could come to Washington soon. He had some news to transmit to me.

Two days later, at the Soviet Embassy, the Ambassador said he had been asked to convey the greetings of Premier Khrushchev and also to say that the Premier was happy to arrange for the unconditional release of Bishop Slipyi. The Ambassador asked where and how and to whom the Bishop should be delivered.

I thanked the Ambassador for the good news and immediately communicated with Father Felix Morlion, President of Pro Deo University in Rome, who was then in the United States. Throughout all the arrangements leading up to the appointments in Moscow and the Vatican, Father Morlion had occupied a liaison role.

Father Morlion telephoned Rome immediately and conveyed the good news. Within a few hours Vatican officials drew up a plan for Bishop Slipyi's return to freedom. The plan, accepted immediately by the Soviet government, called for the Bishop to be flown to Vienna, where he would be met by the Pope's personal representative and flown to Rome.

The plan was successfully carried out within a week. Bishop Slipyi was brought to the Vatican where Pope John, despite his now advancing illness, greeted him and told of his joy at seeing him reunited with the Church. Following this meeting, the Bishop was escorted to a secret retreat some miles outside Rome. No reporters were permitted to see the Bishop. Indeed, it was only after the Bishop had arrived at his secret retreat that the news of his liberation was released.

The day following this announcement, I received a telephone call from Ambassador Dobrynin in Washington asking me if I had seen the afternoon newspapers. I said I had not. The Ambassador suggested that I do so. Then he read to me a news story under the following headline:

BISHOP TELLS OF RED TORTURE

He asked me if I would care to make any comment concerning what appeared to be a breach of good faith. I said I had no direct knowledge of what had

On the sun deck of his sport house, a grandfatherly Khrushchev conceals himself in a great bear coat, then gleefully emerges with a loud "Boo!"

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happened but I was absolutely certain that there had been no breach of faith. I said I would telephone the Vatican directly and find out what I could.

Vatican officials were profoundly shocked when I told them of the news break in the U.S. Bishop Slipyi had spoken to no newsmen. They termed the story a pure concoction. They said they would set the record straight immediately. In particular, *Osservatore Romano* would carry a front-page statement quoting Pope John to the effect that the news stories about Bishop Slipyi were without authority and were repudiated by both Pope John and Bishop Slipyi.

What troubled Vatican officials most of all was that this incident might interfere with further attempts to bring about release of churchmen imprisoned in Communist countries.

I telephoned Ambassador Dobrynin and informed him that the news stories were completely unauthorized and that the next issue of *Osservatore Romano* would set the record straight on the authority of the Pope.

• • •

I BEGAN our talk at Gagra in April, 1963, therefore, by thanking the Chairman for his affirmative response to the request for Bishop Slipyi's release.

Once again, I expressed the regrets of Vatican officials at what had appeared to be a breach of faith in some of the news coverage that followed the Bishop's release and of the profound elation of Pope John at being reunited with Bishop Slipyi.

The Chairman said he understood, adding that some journalists didn't know what to do with good news.

The Chairman then inquired about the health of Pope John, saying he had often thought of, and been inspired by, Pope John's desire to contribute to world peace in whatever time remained to him.

This seemed like a propitious moment to transmit to the Chairman an advance copy, translated into Russian by Vatican officials, of Pope John's Encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*.

The Chairman said he was pleased to know about the Encyclical in advance and would read it with great interest.

I then brought up the matter of Archbishop Beran, of Czechoslovakia, who had been interned for some years. Cardinal Augustus Bea, of the Vatican, had told me of his great concern for the Bishop's health.

The Chairman said he was unfamiliar with the case of Archbishop Beran, and that this was a matter that concerned the Czechoslovak government.

Recognizing this, I said that Cardinal Bea was hopeful that the Chairman might be willing to use his good offices to explore the matter with Czech government officials.

The Chairman said he would take the matter under advisement.

The discussion then turned to the matter of a nuclear test ban. The Chairman had been quoted in news dispatches from Moscow as saying that the United States had not been acting in good faith on the matter of a nuclear test ban, reneging on its own proposals for three inspections, and that there was reason to doubt whether the United States really wanted a test ban at all. If he had been correctly quoted, I said, his conclusions were inaccurate.

I had come to see him, I said, on no official mission; I was a private citizen. President Kennedy, knowing I was to see the Chairman, had asked me to try to clarify the Soviet misunderstanding of the American position on the test ban. If the Chairman construed the American position on inspections to mean that we actually did not want a treaty banning such testing, then that interpretation was in error.

The Chairman leaned forward in his chair. There was a perceptible tightening in his expression.

"If the United States really wanted a treaty, it could have had one," he said in measured tones. "If it wants one now it can have one. The U.S. said it wanted inspections. We don't believe inspections are really necessary. We think they are an excuse for espionage. Our scientists proved to me that the new instrumentation makes it possible for you to detect any violations from outside our borders. But we wanted a treaty and the U.S. said we couldn't get one without inspections. So we agreed, only to have you change your position."

"There was a misunderstanding as to what our position really was," I said.

"A misunderstanding? How could there be a misunderstanding? Fedorov had a meeting with Wiesner in Washington last October. Wiesner told him that the United States was ready to proceed on the basis of a few annual inspections. Ambassador Dean told Kuznetsov the same thing. Kuznetsov is a very meticulous reporter. He always tells me exactly what happened. How can there be a misunderstanding?"

The President had asked me to say that he had a high regard for Ambassador Kuznetsov and did not doubt for a moment that the Ambassador reported the conversation with Mr. Dean as he understood it. He also had a high regard for Ambassador Dean, who, like Ambassador Kuznetsov, had a reputation as a meticulously correct reporter. Rather than carry on a fruitless debate over the precise nature of the Kuznetsov-Dean conversation, the President was disposed to regard the matter as an honest misunderstanding; he felt a fresh start should be made. It would be a tragedy of the first magnitude, he believed, if a misunderstanding were allowed to get in the way of an agreement that both countries critically needed in their own self-interest and that would represent the first great step toward controlling the nuclear horror.

The Chairman shook his head sadly.

"It is not just one conversation. As I told you, there was the talk between Wiesner and Fedorov. Also, our scientists came back from Cambridge, where they met with American scientists who said the same thing. How could there be a misunderstanding?"

With due respect, I ventured to suggest that an honest misunderstanding, under the circumstances, was possible and plausible. An American representative might urge the Soviet representative to revert to the previous Soviet position, which accepted three inspections, as the basis of an agreement. In so doing, the American representative was suggesting what he considered to be the basis for negotiations that could lead to a prompt and fruitful resolution. The Soviet representative, however, might interpret the statement not as a basis for fruitful discussion but as the specific content of a treaty. The result was an honest misunderstanding.

In any event, I said, the President was acting in absolute good faith when he said that no misunderstanding, logical or otherwise, should obstruct so important an undertaking. I had first-hand evidence to offer on this point. A number of citizens' organizations had come together to develop public support for the President's position in favor of a nuclear test ban. In discussing this matter with the President, I had shown him the texts and layouts for a series of full-page newspaper advertisements calling for a test ban. The President was deeply interested in these materials and had constructive suggestions to make. It seemed to me inconceivable that he would have encouraged this public campaign if he had publicly advocated a test ban only for propaganda purposes, as the Soviet press had charged.

I had brought one of the advertisements with me and I held it up so that the Chairman could see it. The headline read:

(In large type:)

We Can Kill
The Russians
360 Times Over

(Then, in smaller type:)

The Russians Can
Kill Us Only
160 Times Over

(Then, in very small type:)

We're Ahead,
Aren't We?

The Chairman stared hard at this

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advertisement while the text was translated for him. He lifted his hand.

"Your figures are all wrong," he said. "We're not that far behind. But, as the ad says, what difference does it make? Nuclear war is sheer madness. Now, back to our discussion: Your talk with the President has persuaded you of some things. Now let me tell you about the picture as we see it here. After Cuba, there was a real chance for both the Soviet Union and the United States to take measures together that would advance the peace by easing tensions. The one area on which I thought we were closest to agreement was nuclear testing. And so I went before the Council of Ministers and said to them:

" 'We can have an agreement with the United States to stop nuclear tests if we agree to three inspections. I know that three inspections are not necessary, and that the policing can be done adequately from outside our borders. But the American Congress has convinced itself that on-site inspection is necessary and the President cannot get a treaty through the Senate without it. Very well, then, let us accommodate the President.'

"The Council asked me if I was certain that we could have a treaty if we agreed to three inspections and I told them yes. Finally, I persuaded them."

WHEN he said this, I thought of the earlier predictions by the Chinese Communists that if the Soviet Union accepted the American proposal of three inspections, the Americans would renege and ask for six, and if Khrushchev agreed to six, the Americans would renege and ask for twelve. And so on, indefinitely. The Chinese position was that the Americans were interested neither in a nuclear test ban nor in coexistence in general. According to the Chinese, Khrushchev was naïve in pursuing a policy of peaceful coexistence when the people he wanted to coexist with had no desire to coexist with him. The Chinese had quoted Marx and Lenin to support their view that war was inherent in the nature of capitalist imperialism and that the world would have to sustain a violent ordeal before capitalism could be cleared away and the triumph of world socialism be assured.

Any failure of a nuclear test ban, therefore, would have consequences far beyond the armaments crisis. It would have an effect on the struggle for power inside the Communist world, in the sense that the Chinese would exploit the test-ban failure as proof of the correctness of their total position.

Still another situation came to mind when the Chairman said it wasn't easy to get the Ministers to agree. This had to do with the U-2 episode several years ago. At that time, the Chairman had attempted to convince the Council that the American President had nothing to do with the U-2 and that he could therefore proceed with plans to meet with him at the imminent summit conference. Then the President announced he had authorized the U-2 flight.

These, at least, were some of the speculations that raced through my mind when the Chairman spoke of the reluctance of the Council to agree readily to his recommendation to accept inspection.

"People in the United States seem to think I am a dictator who can put into practice any policy I wish," the Chairman continued. "Not so. I've got to persuade before I can govern. Anyway the Council of Ministers agreed to my urgent recommendation. Then I notified the United States I would accept three inspections. Back came the American rejection. They now wanted—not three inspections or even six. They wanted eight. And so once again I was made to look foolish. But I can tell you this: it won't happen again."

"The President had no intention of humiliating you or making you look foolish before your Council," I said. "There is a genuine question in his mind concerning the adequacy of three inspections. Each year almost one hundred earth tremors or movements of varying magnitude occurred within the vast land mass of the Soviet Union. Many of the seismograph markings caused by these movements are similar to the markings produced by underground nuclear explosion. Hence there is considerable feeling in the Senate that even eight inspections were minimal. In any event, the President would like to break the present impasse. He suggests that the negotiators at Geneva be instructed to proceed with the many questions apart from inspections that have yet to be worked out. These questions should represent no great difficulties but they have to be resolved nevertheless. The President would like to hold the question of inspections for last, and then he and you would work out this problem together."

"Not practical or possible," Mr. Khrushchev said, shaking his head. "For various reasons I cannot go to Washington and I would assume that the President right now has good reasons for not coming to Moscow. Where does this leave us?"

"It leaves you with the rest of the world in which to find a place," I suggested. "Vienna served the purpose once before. And if not Vienna, then another place. But even if no place can be found, then there are other forms of communications."

"You don't seem to understand what the situation is here," he said. "We cannot make another offer. I cannot go back to the Council. It is now up to the United States. Frankly, we feel we were misled. If we change our position at all, it will not be in the direction of making it more generous. It will be less gener-

(*Continued on page* 58)

—*N.C.*

The Chairman at his swimming pool—"Someday you'll have one, too."

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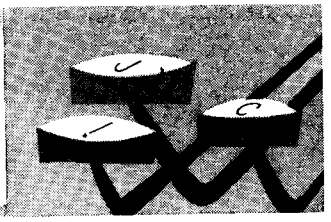
Manner of Speaking



Confessions of a Circuit Rider: I am on the lecture trail and tonight's lecture is over. It is long after midnight and I must be up before six to make my airline connection to the next place. I am tired but the hotel room is too hot when I close the window and too drafty when I open it and the bed swelters around me when I try to sleep. There is, of course, nothing wrong with the room or the weather or the bed. The room, in fact, is luxurious beyond the dream of most of this world. There are people sleeping soundly on straw somewhere and finding the straw a luxury. All that is wrong with the weather, the temperature, or the bed is inside me. I am having an attack of insomnia, and insomnia distorts every thought that passes through it.

As part of that distortion, I keep thinking of the beagle-faced student who stuck to me for an hour after the talk. He had his soul out to affirm and he had decided that I was his affirmation. Something big had happened to him within the insomniac distortion of his own life in some small town that had been blown open by his visits to the library. Or not really blown open but just cracked and crazed. With every good intention he was charging me with being important.

How does one deny that charge to the hot eyes of an insomniac who insists on staying up for his dreams? What he was accusing me of was nothing I had done. He was charging me with his own mystique of importance, with his hot and, God knows, human need to find Significance. The need was in him and I had come along, booked by my agent, with advance puffs in the local papers, and with all the trimmings that prepare a small college for the appearance of a lecturer from Outside.

How could I deny his need without accusing him of having squinted all his life through a local knothole into a nonexistent universe? Insomniac to insomniac. I sit up smoking and thinking of things I might have said to him.

"Son," I might have said, and do in fact try to say to him, "until now you exist only in the mercy all of us owe one another, but without having begun to imagine a language for it."

It sounds, alas, like something out of an arty novel. Or like something out of a TV script imitating something out of an arty novel. But I still see his eyes and they have to be told something, somehow. Poor beagle. All his fervor was sniffing around in search of nothing but a master. It is discomforting to be mistaken for a half-god, even by a beagle.

"Look, beagle," I try to tell him, "I was paid well over $1,000 for coming here tonight to give a spiel not much different from the spiel I gave in another town last night and from the one I shall give in still another town tomorrow night and so on until by the end of the week I am left with checks for several times more than the estate my father left. Somehow that suggests some measure of a man's life but I don't know what measure it is, so let it pass. The fact is I never get up on a platform except for cash, and then only when I am overpaid. I am not worth it, and the world is insane to pay these prices, but there are some of the world's insanities I am careful not to argue with. Now please go home poor and let me get to sleep rich. But for God's sake take those beagle eyes to a good book and try formulating from it something like a perception that has no dog eyes attached to it."

But that sounds wrong, too. I had spoken to the students about poetry and I had spoken as honestly as I should have spoken to any of my own classes had I still been on the faculty. I am, to be sure, a bit of a ham by now. Every good teacher is to begin with, and by now I have been riding the circuit a long time and I am good at it.

What I am good at is the art, or the craft, of sensing an audience. I could, if I wanted to, take my audience craftily, keep it laughing with just the right touch of dissembling candor, make sure the pace does not slacken, and come through high and hard at the end. All it takes is skill and by now I have that. Nor is there anything wrong with skill. Athletics aside, it takes a man to be skilful.

But not all of a man. What takes all of a man is something like a sense of honesty. At least of self-honesty. It may not be exactly that, but honesty is a name that will do for whatever it is. And there is—confess it—something about the idea of honesty that does not mix well with the idea of being easily skilful. But why? Am I about to become a beagle, too? Must every honesty be a clumsy mortal sweat? Yes, where it touches mortal issues. But there are no mortal issues involved in riding the lecture circuit. I am doing what I am good at and I am trying to make an open and honest communication of it.

Not that there is any way of being entirely honest to any audience. An audience is not a person but a collective beast. That beast must be engaged by certain formalities. There is also the fact—a fact known to everyone who has learned to sense an audience – that at times one's mind loses a connection, especially when the talk is not canned, and I loathe canned talk. So a man drops a stitch now and then. Or mixes the metaphor as I am doing now. That is the point at which the skill-man takes over, faking the chords until the theme comes back to him. The one theme I can honestly pursue, of course, is never to fake an idea. Nor will I, if I can help it. But can I always help it? I talk too much, and inevitably I find myself worrying for fear that I have faked what must not be faked. All one can do then is confess his worry to the members of his audience, apologizing to each.

And then, from his uncertainty to mine comes—sooner or later but always comes—the beagle with eyes that leak worship. Nothing, alas, warns beagle not to love uncritically. A beagle is a lifelong insomnia.

The best I can do now is to use my insomnia to teach me what to say to the next beagle. In four more days this two weeks will be over. I shall be able to sit at my desk for months in the most unimportant way, and all the world's miles from tonight's beagle and last night's and tomorrow night's. The good of exorbitant fees is that it takes only a few of them to meet the mortgage payments and to have an extra steak to toss to the wolf at the door. The damnation of it is that the wolf is so much easier to handle than that beagle. I have the wolf skinned by now, to mix another metaphor, but the beagle stays alive to terrify me.

In this churn of insomnia I could almost let myself into the romantic fraud of self-accusation. I could roll around on this bed of neuroses and relish every itch as the fabric of my twentieth-century hairshirt. But it all turns out a bit too luxurious for my taste.

I told the beagle, with such gentleness as I could master, that his eyes were wrong for any world I know how to look at. And that was all of it. Except that I came small and tired and that I shall leave sleepless and more tired. But any lie that was told was told by his own insomnia, not by mine.

In four days I shall lose him again for months to come. And, blessedly, I shall have my own bed to sleep in. But what I wish right now is that he would get his beagle eyes out of this night's insomnia and let me get one snatch of this night's sleep. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Life in Four Letters

THE BATTLE over the four-letter words or Anglo-Saxon monosyllables or whatever one chooses to call them has been won, for the higher courts seem to have firmly established that no word is obscene in and of itself. For many people, I am sure, the sight of these words on the printed page is still a shocking experience, but they'll get over it. After all, most people have been hearing the words for most of their lives, and it's merely the appearance in print that bothers them. An elderly lady wrote rebuking me for praising a book that had evil words in it; and she went ahead and listed the words in her delicate hand on her delicate notepaper, even, for good measure, throwing in one word that did not appear in the book.

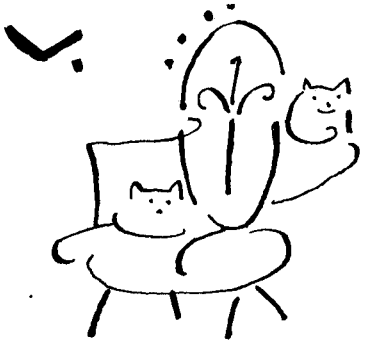
If in some future time scholars make word-counts to chart the progress of the battle, they will find, I suspect, that there are more of the monosyllables per page in Hubert Selby's collection of stories, *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (Grove, $5), than in anything previously published. At the same time there have been few works in which the use of the words was more obviously justifiable.

Selby, a naturalist in the tradition of Dreiser and Farrell, has chosen to write about people on the lowest level—hoodlums, bums, whores, outcast homosexuals—and he could not have portrayed them realistically if he had not been able to use their vocabulary. The constant reiteration of the words helps to make the reader feel how ugly and barbaric are the lives these people lead.

It is a harsh and cruel world that Selby is describing. Take "Tralala," a story that aroused some controversy a couple of years ago when the editor of the *Provincetown Review* was arrested for having published it. The story begins, "Tralala was fifteen the first time she was laid." Soon she is finding sex not only her principal diversion but also her chief source of income. She becomes part of a gang that beats and robs drunken passersby and sometimes breaks into stores. She is tough, but not tough enough to last long in the jungle in which she finds herself, and Selby describes the end of her short and miserable life without sparing the reader a single macabre detail.

Most of the men in these stories are either brutes or homosexuals. "The Queen Is Dead" presents, not without some sympathy, a transvestite who goes by the name of Georgette. Georgette's indestructible romanticism and her (his) repeated disillusionment give the story pathos. A long and complicated story, "Strike," introduces one of the most unpleasant characters in fiction, a man who beats his wife, cheats the union of which he is a minor official, and bullies anyone who will let himself be bullied. Though he richly deserves to come to a bad end, the end he does come to is horrifying as well as surprising.

In the last story, which he calls "Coda," Selby gives a cross-section of life in a low-cost housing project. There is Mike, who refuses to work and gets most of his exercise beating his wife. There is the widowed Ada, lonely and respectable and not quite right in the head. There is Abraham, a flashy man who drives a Cadillac. There is Lucy, who tries hard to live decently. There are the women who gather in the park on pleasant days to engage in nasty and malicious gossip. And there are the children in the playground, kids of five or six, whose games are based on the illegal activities of their parents and whose vocabularies are as rich as any adult's.



Like most naturalists, Selby depends on the amassing of details, but he is more soundly selective than some of his predecessors, and he knows very well how to shape a story. Moreover, though he maintains an air of objectivity, he is capable of compassion. This is hell, he seems to be saying, and these are people on whom we must have pity. We must resolutely contemplate their squalor, their brutishness, their empty lives, their callousness, and the poverty of their hopes, and we must consider what their existence means to us.

No author that I can think of has presented so impressive and authoritative an account of the life of people at the bottom of the heap in our so-called affluent society. This is a book that

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Last Exit to Brooklyn," by Hubert Selby, and "Nova Express," by William Burroughs

24 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel

25 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

38 The Journal of Jules Renard, edited and translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget

39 The Treasure of Our Tongue, by Lincoln Barnett

42 At Large, by Herbert Kubly

43 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

45 Children's Book Week Supplement: A special section with articles by Mary Stolz and Alice Dalgliesh

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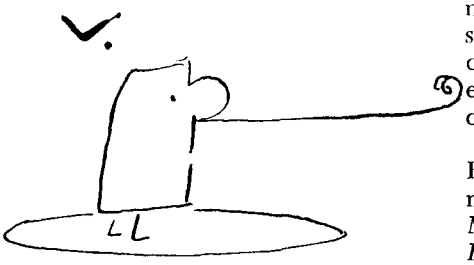
ought to shock us, not because of this word or that, but because a sound craftsman has shown us so much of what we should prefer to ignore.

In 1962 the winner in what might be called the obscenity sweepstakes was William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, which is, among other things, a story of drug addiction. In this book it is the more or less autobiographical hero-narrator who uses the four-letter words, and uses them mostly to express his own disgust with life. Norman Mailer called Burroughs "the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius," and Jack Kerouac has described him as "the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift." Readers who have wondered what all the shouting was about are not likely to find an answer in Burroughs's new book, *Nova Express* (Grove, $5.).



There are large elements of fantasy in *Naked Lunch*, but *Nova Express* is all fantasy, the purpose of which, so far as I can find out, is to puzzle the reader. This is a kind of satirical science fiction, portraying a cosmic war, in which are involved death dwarfs, the Nova Mob, Uranian Willy the Heavy Metal Kid, the Insect People of Minraud, the Crab Nebula, the Thermodynamic Pain and Energy Bank, the Venusians, the Ugly Spirit Spinal Fluid, etc.

All this is mildly amusing if one abandons one's mind to it, but as for meaning, I can only surmise that Burroughs is obliquely attacking various American institutions, as he did in *Naked Lunch*. I am sure that close scrutiny would yield further meanings —there are, for instance, references to Kafka and Eliot and echoes of Joyce— but I doubt that the necessary exertion would be well rewarded. Of course I may be wrong about this, just as many critics were wrong about Joyce.

Selby's use of the four-letter words is objective and, as I have said, is necessary for the effect he wants to achieve. Burroughs's use of the words is subjective and expressionistic, and whether one regards them as necessary or not depends almost entirely on one's estimate of his achievement. In *Nova Express* I feel that the words are unnecessary because the book is unnecessary. In any case, so far as the literary future is concerned, my money is on Selby. —Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

A Rose for Mary Poppins

I was both nervous about and annoyed with P. L. Travers long before I met her. The nervousness was due to several things. First of all, it isn't every day you meet someone who has written a book (in reality, five books) that has become a classic within the author's lifetime. I refer, of course, to the "Mary Poppins" stories. Secondly, when I mentioned the fact of the coming meeting to a lady of my acquaintance who has always struck me as having at least one foot firmly on the ground, this normally sophisticated creature went slack-jawed and pressed both hands incredulously to her temples. She recovered in time for a ten-minute rhapsody on what Mary Poppins meant to her life.

Annoyance set in when Harcourt, Brace & World sent me a copy of the newly-issued one-volume edition of *Mary Poppins* and *Mary Poppins Comes Back*. There was also a note stating Miss Travers's two conditions on interviews: (1) that the interviewer have read her books; (2) that no personal questions be asked. I hefted the book and felt its weight. Did she really expect a grown man to sit around reading a kid's book about a nannie? What's with this setting up of ground rules? Who did she think she was, anyway?

About 2 A.M. of the morning of the meeting, I tossed my slightly hungover head into bed, reached for the light switch, and groaned. There was *Mary Poppins* on the night table waiting for me. I grabbed it viciously, hoping it would scream to be let go. With the window shades lowered so that a passing voyeur could not see what I was up to, I began to read about that no-nonsense nannie who slid her way up the bannister into the hearts of the Banks children and most of the world—except for me.

I think I was only in Chapter Two when I realized what was happening. I was scrunching! I hadn't done that since I was a child; in fact, it had been years since I had even thought of my childhood word for that wonderful sensation of wiggling deep under the covers just as mommy or daddy sits down and opens the story book. But there it was, a scrunch if I ever saw one.

I straightened up huffily. Five minutes later, I caught myself in a bigger and deeper scrunch. I thought, for at least a fraction of a second, about pulling out of it again, then said the hell with it and scrunched happily away until dawn when I turned the last page, helplessly, hopelessly in love with P. L. Travers, all annoyances gone, my nervousness greatly increased. What could I possibly say to a woman who knew the miracle of recalling childhood from the dark, dusty corners of grown-up hearts? I think I fell asleep slack-jawed with both hands pressed to my temples.

Miss P. L. (Pamela Lyndon) Travers was seated in a darkish corner of the restaurant, sipping something mild. During the opening chitchat, I took out my notepad and started a rough head sketch of her, which would call back her appearance when I came to write up the meeting. I peered through the soft lighting. Blue eyes. I studied her curly hair. "Reddish?"

"Brown," she said. "If you can imagine a blonde mouse or perhaps a mousy blonde I think you will have it. What are you doing?"

I explained about the sketch. "Ah," she said. "I wish you could see my feet. I'm very vain about my feet but I don't suppose I can put those on the table for you."

I asked why she doesn't have her picture on her books. "That would spoil the whole thing. But there is a picture of me inside the book. I'll show you."

It appears in the double volume facing page 289 (owners of other editions will have to scramble around to locate it). The Mary Shepard illustration shows people hanging onto balloons in mid-air. The caption reads, "By this time the Park was really rather crowded." Miss Travers and Mary Shepard float side by side from balloons (blue for Miss Travers, yellow for Mary Shepard) labeled "L. AVERS" and "MA-SHEPA." Miss Travers is depicted with short carrot-colored curls, a white blouse and blue skirt; Mary Shepard wears a pink dress. "I suggested the idea to Mary Shepard. 'Why don't we go riding on balloons, too?' I thought I'd like it.

"A while back, I met a young English writer who said: 'I'm so glad you're alive. I thought you were dead.' I thought that was a very great compliment. I don't think children or sensible adults are concerned with the author behind a book. I remember when I learned of Beatrix Potter's death. I hadn't even known she was alive. Oh, I could have hung my heart on her gate.

"There's a coda to this. To me there are no such things as children's books. There are only books. If it's a good book

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both groups will read it. I wouldn't keep any book away from a child.

"Authors don't matter. The best crown of laurels anyone could give me is to let me be thought of as anonymous, someone in a myth or a fairy tale. We don't know who wrote the myths and we don't care. As Blake put it, 'The authors are in eternity, and I would be right proud to be there."

Our soup course arrived. Miss Travers looked suspiciously at my Italian spinach soup, of which she had never heard. I dipped out a spoonful and made her taste it. "Do you like women?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, wondering how a spoonful of soup had prompted that question. Did she think I was trying to poison her?

She smiled. "I knew it. Many men say they like women but what they really mean is that they like one woman. You can always tell men who really like women. They always want to share things from their plate."

I asked about those rules for her interviews. "I don't want personal questions. They take away from the feeling of anonymity which I need for my writing. And I insist that interviewers read the books. I told the stories in a certain deliberate language and I can't do it again over a table."

She looked at me in a way she has that makes one think of a robin studying the possibility of a worm. "I understand," I said.

"But please, please, do not make me an *éminence grise*. I'm really quite a sane lunatic, that's what saves me from being carted off. You know, I don't know how I came to write *Mary Poppins*. I believe she is a character who came in search of an author.

"At one point during my discussions with Mr. Disney about the film version of *Mary Poppins*, he said to me, 'I think you are very vain to think you are the only one who knows all about Mary Poppins.' I was very surprised. I blinked. Only recently have I come to see that there was a measure of praise in the reproach.

"I shall tell you one other story in connection with the film. When I returned the film script to the Disney studios—they had sent it to me to be 'Englished'—I wrote on the last page, 'For God's sake, has nobody a respect for the preposition?'

"You haven't asked me why I write for children."

"I've barely asked you anything," I said. "You do very nicely by yourself."

"Well, I don't write for children. All of my books are written for somebody called 'nobody.' They are written to please myself. Even that isn't quite exact. I don't think *Mary Poppins* is a

(*Continued on page* 57)

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Warren Report in Mass Production

ORDINARILY, a book moves through its production cycle at a predictable pace that approximates the speed of molasses—about six months from finished ms. to publication date. Impatient authors are assured by their publishers that the mechanics of manufacturing, and the logistics of distribution, make such a schedule necessary. But sometimes in a crisis this lengthy period of labor is discovered to be unnecessary. Last month, publishers demonstrated what could be done with the Warren Commission Report when the usual "all deliberate speed" was telescoped, in some cases into about three days. Herewith is this department's field report on the publishing sensation of 1964.

Race to the Mother Lode. Advance (press) copies of the Report were given out Friday, September 25, two days before the official release date. Since it was in the public domain, anyone could use the material and five publishers went to the post. First away was Popular Library with its *Concise Compendium*—the Report (640 pp.) minus the Appendix (400 pp.) and photographs, but with an introduction by *Time* Magazine's Robert J. Donovan. Edited and printed in forty-five hours and forty-five minutes, the *Compendium* was trucked from Massachusetts to New York City, where the first copy was sold at 6:31 P.M. Sunday, with a federal agent standing by to guard against premature release. Price: 75¢ in paper covers.

Bantam Books didn't get on the stands until a whole day later (gosh!) but buyers who waited got more—800 pages plus added interpretive material by four *New York Times* writers (Reston, Salisbury, Wicker, and Lewis), as well as the official photographs. The Bantam edition cost more, too—$1. However, if Popular had panned the first nuggets, Bantam showed a higher assay by airlifting shipments to London, Tokyo, Melbourne, and a number of other distant places. All told, 700,000 copies of the first printing were on their way to somewhere by the morning of September 30. (I couldn't get the book in my suburban shop, twenty-five miles from New York City, until five days later, but it was nice to know that people in Melbourne weren't kept waiting.)

Who's Got the Afterword? The first hardcover trade edition turned up in bookstores on October 12. This was Doubleday's *Official Warren Commission Report*. (Actually all editions of the Report are official, but perhaps Doubleday's is more so since it was simply photographed from the government version and printed by offset.) The price is $4.95, and the elapsed time was two weeks—but remember, it's in hard covers.

This edition includes thirty-two pages of photographs, a "special analysis and commentary" by Louis Nizer, and an Afterword by Bruce Catton. The Afterword was written beforehand, but Mr. Nizer waited until press copies came out on September 25 before beginning his stint.

Now comes McGraw-Hill on October 19. This is the Bantam version in hard covers, and it sells for $3.95. (In effect, you are getting the same book but paying $2.95 for a set of cloth covers and somewhat better paper stock.) The edition was further parlayed when the Book-of-the-Month Club brought out its own printing of 200,000 copies as a dividend selection. This comes free if you bought any other BOM book in October, but you don't get the dust-jacket that is wrapped around the McGraw-Hill copies.

Publisher number four, the Associated Press, began shipping its *Report* to member newspapers on October 2, just a week after going to press. This one, of course, you order by mail—at $1.50, quite a bargain. Although it's only 400 pages (compared with Doubleday's 888) the words are practically all there, set two columns to the page in somewhat smaller type than Bantam's, if that's possible. Give it to the man who has glasses.

Finally—or rather, firstly—we have the Government Printing Office edition (or Mother Lode) which made all this fun

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Saturday Review

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Asking the Wrong Questions

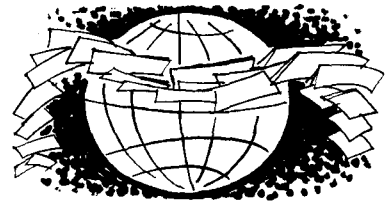
A SOCIETY'S young people are extremely sensitive seismographs. They frequently register, for those who trouble to read their message, social attitudes that might otherwise be overlooked or only faintly perceived. Yet those attitudes may be as crucial as any that move the society. Consider two cases in point.

The first occurred in a high school class in short-story writing. The class had been meeting for several weeks when one of the students raised his hand to make an observation. "The thing that's been bothering me from the beginning," he said, "is that this whole short-story business doesn't really amount to anything important. Oh, it may be important to the people who write stories and to a handful of people who read them, but it doesn't do anybody any good. It has no real use." The teacher tried to point out that the value of a work of art is seldom precisely measurable in terms of goods produced, or man-hours saved, or an increase in the Gross National Product. But he came off a poor second with a student who persisted in wanting to weigh an art form on some rigidly utilitarian scale.

The second, somewhat different case occurred at one of the nation's best colleges when another student, after two years on campus, simply decided to leave. The problem was not grades or social difficulties or the atmosphere of the college. The student explained it this way: "I wasn't getting anything out of it. I did my work, got good grades, and had some fun. But I couldn't see how it was doing me any good. It all seemed so irrelevant to the things I really care about."

De Tocqueville would have had little difficulty in understanding the students' laments. He noticed, nearly a century and a half ago, that in the American character lay a streak of narrow pragmatism—so narrow, in fact, that many Americans would rather have no ideas at all than have ideas that lack an immediate and obvious value. "Their life," he observed, "is so practical, so confused, so excited, so active, that but little time remains to them for thought." And in our own time the longshoreman-philosopher Eric Hoffer has said: "The superficiality of the American is the result of his hustling. . . . People in a hurry cannot think, cannot grow, nor can they decay. They are preserved in a state of perpetual puerility."

Hoffer may have put it harshly, but it is probably true that most Americans are inclined, when they think of value, to think primarily of here-and-now utility. We first build a weapon in the form of an automobile, and only later worry about making it safe enough for a sane man to drive. We first devise systems of automation, and only later begin to think about their human consequences. We first create nuclear bombs, and only later wonder how to keep them from destroying us. One cannot, of course, minimize the achievements produced by this pragmatic bent, but neither can one ignore the confusions it has stirred up. And the two students, probably through no fault of their own, were clearly reflecting those confusions. They were troubled and dissatisfied because they were asking for things that it was not in the nature of a high school course or college curriculum to give.



Yet the real problem is not all that simple. It is complicated by an opposite impulse—a pragmatism in reverse that creates its own special confusions. This is the impulse that lets a man sit for hours in front of one of the most ingenious communications devices human wit has ever devised while asking from it nothing but an occasional laugh or psychological jolt. It is the impulse that allows a man to be satisfied with a shabbily made product if only it looks right. And it is the impulse that prompts a man to interest himself in art not for its beauty but for the controversies it provokes. The real problem, therefore, is neither the American's pragmatic bent nor its opposite. The problem is his confusion over which trait is relevant at a given time. Too often, in short, we look for the wrong things; we ask the wrong questions.

In his *Anti-intellectualism in American Life*, Richard Hofstadter comments on the response of James Clark Maxwell, the mathematician and theoretical physicist, to the invention of the telephone. Maxwell spoke of "the disappointment arising from its humble appearance"; he found the telephone intellectually boring because its components were so simple even an amateur could build one. Yet, Hofstadter suggests, in looking at the telephone only as a pure scientist rather than as a historian or sociologist or potential user, Maxwell was unnecessarily restricting the range of his imagination. He was asking the telephone to provide values that it did not have to give, while overlooking the simple miracle in it.

Maxwell's reaction and those of the two students are useful cautionary tales, clear symbols of the pitfalls of asking the wrong questions. It's all very well to press on to the moon, but it might be well, too, to have some notion of what we'll do when we get there. And it's a valuable thing to read a story, so long as we don't expect it to make us richer or healthier or even necessarily happier. Cultivation of the art of making the right distinctions might produce a more creative, more humanly useful strain of pragmatism. At the same time, it might leave more elbow room for the great undertakings that will never be fully measured against any yardstick of usefulness.

—J.F.F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Talking Back

I DIDN'T CATCH the letter, but judging by the letters to the editor evidently written in response, some nut wrote along the line of "a woman's place is in the home."

The sooner everyone realizes that women are primarily neither wives nor mothers, but plain old people, the further along we will be. Women have the right to demand justice and respect and to follow work that interests them. If some people consider this neglecting home and family, somebody ought to inform our husbands and fathers. If nothing less than twenty-four-hour duty will suffice, then Pop had better quit his job and stay home, too.

I know all about traditional "roles"; maybe this was valid once, in an agricultural society, but in today's world it just won't wash.

MRS. K. N. SCHIRING.

Lakewood, O.

Winter Wanderlust

NOW HORACE SUTTON has got me itchin' again to move to Hawaii [*SR*, Oct. 10]. This, of course, is the time of year when I begin thinking of that soft air and all that fragrance and those prospects of the Pacific which he describes so feelingly.

Several years ago I took some substantial steps toward moving to Hawaii, but I chickened out when the real estate people sent me prices. I'm thirty-five miles from Manhattan, I have a house on a high hill with a view that has been likened to parts of Germany and Switzerland, and I can't get an offer that would add up to half of what they ask for a respectable small house in Hawaii.

What I really wanted to tell you was that your winter travel section strikes me as being the best you've ever put together. Possibly because I like the warm places.

H. ALLEN SMITH.

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

Historical Notes

J. H. O'DONNELL of the Department of History at Radford College, Virginia, charges me in his letter [*SR*, Oct. 17] with a historical error about the real Daniel Boone. In my television column for September 5 I had written that Boone "persuaded the Cherokees, in 1775, to sell 20,000,000 acres to a land company for 10,000 pounds of 'Indian goods.'" Mr. O'Donnell says this is "far, far from being accurate."

The 1775 purchase of a vast tract of Cherokee land was managed, he asserts, by others; Boone was not present when the formal negotiations with the Indians were completed at Watauga. This is true; but it ignores the evidence given by John Bakeless, in *Daniel Boone, Master of the Wilderness*, that Boone did attend the treaty-making "to negotiate with them [the Cherokees] and mention the boundaries of the purchase." Moreover, Boone "had journeyed about the forests persuading the Indians to attend." Dragging Canoe, a chief, took him by the hand, remarking: "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe that you will have much trouble settling it." Boone left the treaty scene before the actual signing, but Bakeless clearly ascribes to him an important part in preparing the way for the land transfer.

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Westport, Conn.

"First you have to bring a note from your board chairman certifying that you're an executive."

On the Road

I MUST COMMENT on Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s TRADE WINDS column on poor driving by truck drivers [*SR*, Oct. 10]. It is true that truck drivers no longer stop on highways to assist with flat tires. But most highways have regular facilities to cope with these problems and, in any event, the stranded motorist never has to wait very long. But watch what happens if there is a *real* emergency like an accident or fire. Almost every time it will be a truck driver who is there first with fire extinguisher in hand.

As to the speed, this is occasionally a valid complaint, but I've usually found the truck drivers observing the speed limits better than the car drivers.

The comment on the "compulsive lane-changing, tailgating, and light-flashing" is the one that really burns me up though, in my opinion, the most serious problem with present-day traffic is that there is *not enough* lane-changing. The law is now beginning to recognize this and I hope the police will start enforcing it. As of last year, it is illegal in New York State to stay in a high-speed lane unless actually passing. A serious cause of accidents is the driver who stays in one of the center lanes because he is too lazy to move over, or feels that he will lose status if he is seen driving in the right-hand lane, or if someone succeeds in passing him.

As to the light-flashing, this is a safety measure that is required practice in most countries. More and more American drivers are signaling with their indicators before changing lanes. Truck drivers invariably do. Headlight flashing is used to signal objections to two very rude and thoughtless practices. One of these (to oncoming cars) is when the flashee forgets to dim his high beam. The other is used in lieu of the horn to get some chronic non-lane-changer to move to the right so that he can be passed. It seems to me that the only kind of person who could object to such signaling is one who intends to keep right on being rude and thoughtless.

W. DORWIN TEAGUE.

New York, N.Y.

Milestones

I WAS VERY HAPPY to read the congratulations coming your way on the occasion of *SR*'s fortieth anniversary. *SR* has become a veritable powerhouse of ideas, and its impressive anniversary issue [*SR*, Aug. 29] is symbolic of what it has contributed to literature, the arts, and the sciences during the last forty years.

What I appreciate most, however, is your unique contribution to peace. No other magazine I know of has done a more thorough job than *SR* of alerting the public to the futility of the planned fallout shelter and of carrying the U.N. bond drive and the test ban treaty to success—all important milestones on the road to peace. . . .

JAMES T. SHOTWELL,
President Emeritus,
Carnegie Endowment
for International Peace.

New York, N.Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

London (Symphony) Calling—Menotti

IN ITS first visit to America in more than fifty years, the London Symphony Orchestra has courted its New York public with more than an expectable replica of the way it functions at home. Six concerts in eight days (there was another in Boston during the same span of time) under four conductors, and with a range of soloists from Isaac Stern and Rudolf Serkin to excellent first-desk men of its own, have provided an insight into the human as well as the musical resources of this long-lived commune.

What is more, whether the conductor has been Georg Solti or Colin Davis making his New York debut, the effort has been human, musical, and communicative, as might be expected from a band of players who run their own affairs and select their own conductors. Thus one of the most interesting evenings was devoted to a memorial tribute to the late Pierre Monteux, who became "permanent" conductor of the LSO at eighty-six and fulfilled his function on numerous memorable occasions until his recent death at eighty-nine. Joining with the players were such friends as Pablo Casals, conducting Bach, and Leopold Stokowski, conducting Beethoven and Shostakovitch.

So far as artistic effort was concerned, there was just as much from the little-celebrated Alexander Murray, first flutist of the orchestra, as there was from Stern or Serkin in a rippling, beautifully accentuated playing of the fifth *Brandenburg* Concerto under Casals, or from Maureen Forrester, Stern, and Serkin in a warmly expressive "Erbarme Dich" from the *Matthew* Passion. As the last chords hung breathless in the air and the soloists silently left the stage, the audience could well believe that it had heard a tribute of affection that surpassed words. After a pause, the course of the evening resumed with Serkin as pianist in the C-minor Fantasy of Beethoven (with the Rutgers University Choir), and the Fifth Symphony of Shostakovitch, both conducted by Stokowski.

The last of the five Carnegie Hall concerts (the sixth session was at the U.N. the following afternoon) provided an opportunity for face-to-face acquaintance with Colin Davis, whose recordings have commended him as perhaps the most accomplished of the younger English conductors. A program of Berlioz (*Roman Carnival* Overture), Mozart (*Jupiter* Symphony), and Walton (Symphony No. 1) lent emphasis to his accomplishment as well as to his youth. But it was his collaboration with Gervase de Peyer, first clarinetist of the orchestra, in the E-flat Concerto of Weber that left the kind of musical impression that will not soon be eroded.

As a master of clarinet colorature, de Peyer is in the Kell-Cahuzac class, which is to say at the very top of the upper crust. He commands not merely a solid, well focused tone, but also the breath supply to phrase Weber's long-spun melodies as a glass-blower spins an intricate design. Like his section neighbor Murray, de Peyer has applied himself to the inner mysteries of his instrument in such a way that he can address himself to ultimate values in phrasing, nuance, and tone. In consequence, he produces the stylistic kind of Weber that is heard, at longish intervals, from such singers as Rethberg or Lemnitz.

Davis directed his share of the concerto not merely as a collaborator, but as a partner in the total result. In it was evidence of closer identity with the performers than he achieved in Mozart, where a more positive rhythmic impulse would have been welcome in the first movement, a stronger lyric surge in the second. Nor did the Finale build to the kind of logical outcome that can be found in it. Perhaps it was a mistake for him to build his sonority on a mere quartet of double basses (Carnegie Hall is, after all, a big area); but the concept as a whole was a little overrefined and undernourished, tonally.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi* was a welcome experience at the opening concert of the Boston Symphony's seasonal series in Philharmonic Hall. It shows the manifold gifts of this creator in harmoniously imaginative concord, molding words and music to the exposition of an incident of the historic Children's Crusade of the thirteenth century. In it Menotti has created a kind of choral drama in which the dying Bishop, troubled by memory of the blessing he had given to the journey and the dire results that followed in a storm at sea, relives his judgment in doubt and torment.

Menotti's boldest gambit is to employ the simplest of means to evoke a complex psychological study. He has availed himself of the creator's privilege in surrounding the Bishop with a Nun who is confessor for his sins as well as nurse to his ailment, a children's chorus that re-enacts the circumstances of his guilt, and a chorus of townspeople who are only too willing to cast the first stone of second judgment on his action.

It is the very simplicity of means which Menotti has elected to use that performs the paradox of complicating his problem. They serve him well in depicting the faith of the crusading children and evoking the agony of the Bishop at the crisis of his faith; the instrumental-vocal texture is beautifully designed and artfully executed. Conviction begins to depart when he seeks to depict the storm and its tragic results, and it leaves altogether with the climax of the townspeople's denunciatory "Let him walk naked, a man among men" on a rather conventional discord. The need, it would seem, would be for Menotti to find a valid means of extending a musical language that has served him well but no longer yields the variety it once did.

Erich Leinsdorf's attentive direction was of positive value to the best portions of the work, in advancing its effect by artful coloration of its tonal texture. But he was, later on, limited by what there was in the score itself. Both George London as the Bishop and Lili Chookasian as the Nun were vocally in character, allowing for the disadvantage that the present arrangement of the hall's stage canopy imposes on a singing voice. On the second terrace, for example, they sounded as if they were a block away. The choral parts were brilliantly performed by the New England Conservatory Chorus and the children's chorus of the Catholic Memorial and St. Joseph's High School Glee Clubs of Boston.

Difference in the starting times of the two events provided an opportunity on the evening of the last London Symphony Concert for attention to a Metropolitan *Tosca* in which Leonie Rysanek in the title role and Robert Merrill as Scarpia ventured these parts for the first time here. The prognosis was more favorable for him than for her, due in part to a greater supply of suitable sound. At best, Miss Rysanek's production has a woolly, strident quality that bruises rather than caresses Puccini's vocal line, and her best this time was in the range from F up. Below, it was heavy and unlovely. A vivid figure on the stage (and, for once, a "bruna Floria"), Miss Rysanek did not dress this first act appealingly, though something more may be said of the characterization when it can be judged at full length.

In his part of this act, Merrill met every challenge impressively well and suggested a believable likeness of the Roman policeman. It was well plotted dramatically, and skilfully composed to make the most of his trim, if not too imposing, figure. Flaviano Labò was a competent Cavaradossi, Nello Santi's conducting only a shade more than routine.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Gym and the Jungle

THE NEW musical comedy based on the late Clifford Odets's 1938 play, *Golden Boy*, faces many challenges. But, all things considered, the book by Mr. Odets and William Gibson, the score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, the sets, costumes, and projections by Tony Walton, and the direction by Arthur Penn have dealt honestly and often inspiredly with the project.

The strength of the musical lies, however, in its capturing both the desperate conditions of contemporary Harlem and the vicious sleaziness that lies under the diamond-studded façade of midtown New York life. The contrast is suggested mainly by the variety of projected backgrounds against which the action occurs. It is caught, too, by successive songs that illustrate the difference between the loneliness of Joe, the young Negro boxer played by Mr. Davis, and the deadened spirit of Lorna, a girl who has been hurt by so many men that she hangs onto her relationship with an unhappily married fight manager because she is at least answering a need for a man who has been good to her. But it is Joe's brother, a man active in CORE, who best describes the situation when he tells Lorna, "If Joe can't make it in your world, and can't live in ours, he's a man falling in space."

At that moment the fact that Joe is a boxer seems incidental, and it is unthinkable that Lorna should later decide to let him fall so that she can rescue the bigoted fight manager. One finds oneself wishing that Mr. Gibson would change the story so that a fuller exploration of Joe's and Lorna's feelings for each other might make what is now a stunning and vivid boxing sequence less pivotal. If this Joe is to end tragically, it should seem the direct result of rejection by the white man's world rather than the consequence of a ring accident.

There are, however, many virtues to offset the story's imperfections. Both the opening montage of boxers working out in the gym and the later championship fight have been expertly choreographed by Donald McKayle. There is a bitingly comic number in which the nimble-footed Sammy Davis, Jr., leads a gang of uptowners in a song and dance celebrating the nostalgic virtues of living on 127th Street. For them H(Heroin)-A(Alley fights)-R(Rats)-L(Landlord far away)-E(Endless clean-up projects)-M(Moldy rooms) spells HARLEM. And they joke about a wealthy Negro policy operator who occasionally makes a supervisory tour uptown "just to keep in contact with his ethnic group."

Mr. Davis gives an attractive and clean-cut performance that avoids cuteness and condecension and never compromises his dignity as an individual. Paula Wayne's portrayal of Lorna is similarly realistic, making one feel that if she had explained her final decision the audience probably would have believed her. Billy Daniels utilizes his suave style—the same one that made his rendition of "That Old Black Magic" so delightfully insinuating—to lift his portrait of the ruthless gangster into an understandable symbol of pleasure-seeking corruption. And he even gains our sympathy when, exasperated by the ignorant fight manager, he shakes his head and says, "Someday I'm going to take that mother off the census list."

This is a case in which the integrity of performance and production considerably exceeds our involvement in the lives of its leading participants. Yet we leave *Golden Boy* with a sharpened sense of the sadness, the beauty, and the humor inherent in modern Manhattan's disorderly mixture of shiny skyscrapers and drab tenements.

In *The Comforter*, currently being presented at the Blackfriars' Guild, the Reverend Edward A. Molloy has attempted to correct the somewhat unfavorable portrait of Pope Pius XII offered in *The Deputy*. The new play shows how Pius foresaw, better than almost anyone else, the outbreak of World War II, and how he used the machinery of the Church in an unsuccessful attempt to forestall this holocaust. It makes much of the Pope's personal sacrifice and use of the Vatican's meager treasury (even to the melting down of gold objects in St. Peter's) to help Jewish refugees. By lumping combatants and noncombatants, it points out that the Jews constituted less than a third of the war's victims. And the Pope's decision not to speak out openly against genocide because that would probably have resulted in reprisals against the Jews appears as an act of personal martyrdom. But *The Comforter* is more a footnote to *The Deputy* than a play, and it doesn't convincingly rebut its forerunner's argument that unequivocal spiritual leadership, even at the cost of immediate harm, should be the Church's function.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS, Cyril Connolly. Harper & Row, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 26)—A multifaceted Englishman at his most enjoyable in this variegated collection of refreshingly light, impressionistic, and vivid essays.

REMINISCENCES, Douglas MacArthur. McGraw-Hill, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 26)—Written the way he wants to be remembered, this book tells, arrogantly and proudly, how one of the most controversial figures of our time became an American of the first order.

THE STRANGE TACTICS OF EXTREMISM, Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. Norton, $4.50 (*SR,* Oct. 3)—Probably the timeliest book of the fall season, and published not one hour too soon.

THE PRESIDENT AS WORLD LEADER, Sidney Warren. Lippincott, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 10)—An assessment of the ways our twentieth-century Presidents discharged—or evaded—the incomparable responsibility of world leadership.

CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI, Frank F. Smith. Pantheon, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 10)—Autobiography of a man who lost his seat in Congress because his political and moral integrity were inseparable, but not before he had experienced twelve difficult but never regretful years on the Hill.

NAZI PROPAGANDA, Z. A. B. Zeman. Oxford University Press, $7 (*SR,* Oct. 10)—Definitive work on the masters of propaganda, providing some of the reasons why the impossible suddenly became horrifyingly actuality.

POETRY AND FICTION, Howard Nemerov. Rutgers University Press, $7.50—Thoughtful and graceful essays by one of our most perceptive and urbane critics and essayists.

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID LILIENTHAL, Vols. I and II, David Lilienthal. Harper & Row, $10 each (*SR,* Oct.17)—Few works can surpass the vividness and thoughtfulness of these volumes, delineating the author's years on the TVA and AEC.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Jacques Ellul. Tr. from the French by John Wilkinson. Knopf, $10.95 (*SR,* Sept. 26)—New, original version of the Spenglerian thesis that the technological society bears the seeds of its own destruction.

DIARY 1928-1957, Julian Green. Selected by Kurt Wolff and tr. from the French by Anne Green. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.50 (*SR,* Oct. 3)—An exploration of thought and feeling by one of the most eminent and engaging of French men of letters.

Fiction

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, John Cheever. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 17)—More short stories by an expert whose social barometer steadily registers upper middle class.

BAD CHARACTERS, Jean Stafford. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 17)—Inventive and delightful writer whose excellent style does credit to the interesting stories she tells.

THE EXACT AND VERY STRANGE TRUTH, Ben Piazza. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 3)—A young actor unquestionably reveals another kind of professional talent in his first novel about a boy's childhood.

GALLERY EXHIBITIONS

IVAN ALBRIGHT, Art Institute of Chicago—Retrospective exhibition traces the development of a veteran Midwestern painter who relies on multiple perspectives and superhuman details to describe life's journey toward dissolution.

PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, Carnegie Institute—Commonly considered the most important international art exhibition in America, this is the forty-third in a series initiated in 1896. Four hundred works from thirty-five countries are included.

EDOUARD VUILLARD, Wildenstein & Co., New York—Loan exhibition featuring sixty paintings, more than one-third of which have never been on public view in New York before, follows the French artist's career from 1889 to 1938. Through Nov. 21.

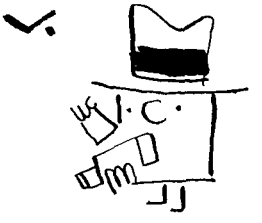
RECENT SCULPTURE BY DAVID SMITH, Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, New York—One of America's outstanding sculptors is represented by twenty-nine new works, some of them massive stainless steel constructions ten feet high. Through Nov. 14.

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Beaumont Newhall. Published by Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Doubleday, $12.50—Expanded, updated edition of most readable and authoritative text on the subject.

"PHOTOGRAPHY, '64"—One good exhibition spawns another; works by the twenty-five most significant contributors to photography in this century selected by the important young photographers who comprised last year's New York State Exposition Show. At Mobile, Alabama, Art Gallery through Dec. 12; on cross-country tour under auspices of the George Eastman House thereafter.

"POETRY IN COLOR," Ernest Haas, IBM Gallery, New York—One-man show of superb camerawork lives up to its title. (Color Corporation of America deserves praise for excellent quality of the more than fifty prints). Through mid-November.



THEATER

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF (*SR,* Oct. 10)—Funny and touching folk-tale musical with Zero Mostel as Sholom Aleichem's immortal Tevye, the milkman.

OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR (*SR,* Oct. 17)—Saucy young clowns from England employ delightful imagination and 1914-18 songs to suggest the absurb humor and eloquent sadness that attend the world's acceptance of war.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO—Most interesting new American play of this season, although its attempts to deal comically with the serious matter of comparing the ways of big business with those of a wayward scientist are not totally successful.

And if you haven't seen them yet, **THE FANTASTICKS, HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, THE KNACK, THE AMERICAN DREAM, DUTCHMAN, THE TROJAN WOMEN,** and **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES.**

MOVIES

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY—Within the framework of a slick commercial comedy, writer Paddy Chayefsky delivers some challenging anti-war sentiments and questions the virtue of bravery.

FAIL SAFE (*SR,* Oct. 17)—Efforts to avert the holocaust, led by President Henry Fonda, generate as much excitement as this film's comedic counterpart, *Dr. Strangelove,* provoked laughs.

FOUR DAYS IN NOVEMBER—A somber, respectful, often harrowing tribute to the late President, this two-hour documentary recreates on film the fateful events that brought him to Dallas and death.

THE OUTRAGE (*SR,* Oct. 17)—Recreation of the Japanese classic, *Rashomon,* in terms of the American Southwest just after the Civil War.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES—Pinter-esque Japanese allegory of a man trapped against his will in a shack at the bottom of a sandpit; bold philosophic overtones of this film mark director Hiroshi Teshigahara as one of most interesting new talents around.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY (*SR,* Oct. 3)—Affecting, realistic study of a hard-luck Irishman in Canada whose marriage disintegrates.

MARY POPPINS (*SR,* Aug. 22)—Classic children's book made into one of the gayest, brightest, most sophisticated musicals ever to come from the Disney studios—or, for that matter, any other studio.

RADIO-TV

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC (Young People's Concerts)—Leonard Bernstein returns with two performances: Fri., Nov. 6, "What Is a Sonata?"; Mon., Nov. 30, "Farewell to Nationalism." CBS-TV, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EST.

PROFILES IN COURAGE ("Oscar W. Underwood")—Premiere of series based on John F. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning book. Sidney Blackmer stars as the man "who sacrificed the Presidency to fight the Ku Klux Klan." NBC-TV, Sun., Nov. 8, 6:30-7:30 p.m. EST.

THE LOUVRE—Full-hour color special with Charles Boyer narrating as TV cameras survey masterpieces of this celebrated museum. NBC-TV, Nov. 17, 10-11 p.m. EST.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME ("The Other World of Winston Churchill")—Color special based on Sir Winston's book *Painting as a Pastime;* Sir Alec Guinness narrates. NBC-TV, Nov. 30, 10-11 p.m. EST.

BEWITCHED—Pleasant, above-average comedy series about a suburban housewife who really is a witch—but a lovely one. Agnes Moorehead's light touch adds to the diversion. ABC-TV, Thurs., 9 p.m. EST.

MISCELLANEOUS

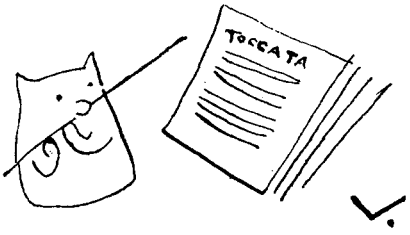
C. DAY LEWIS READING, Guggenheim Museum for Academy of American Poets, Nov. 19—One of England's senior poets in a rare American appearance.

At the Poetry Center, New York:

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN, Nov. 16—Poet and author of *Selected Poems* (1963) and *Dylan Thomas in America.*

JAMES T. FARRELL, Nov. 22—Reading from his poetry, written since 1961 and not yet released for publication.

STEPHEN SPENDER, Nov. 30—English poet, critic, and editor of *Encounter.*



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The Plight of Subscription Radio

THE characteristic condition of listener-subscription radio stations is broke; they continually face curtailment of broadcast days and cutbacks in staff. Short term or long haul, the solution to their problems is generally money. WQRS, Detroit, is an interesting exception. This high-quality, noncommercial FM station may be forced shortly to end its unique program service to the auto capital. A dollar challenge is wrapped up in its fate, but friends say this can be met. The chief threat to WQRS looms in a transfer of ownership that seems inevitable under the Federal Communications Act.

Mr. Stanley R. Akers, the licensee, bought WQRS more than four years ago and tried to operate it on a commercial basis. Two years ago he switched to a listener-subscription policy. Miss Angela McBride, the program director, and a dedicated staff, working for expenses and without salary, have built an intensely loyal, appreciative group of listeners and subscribers. The latter receive "good music which continues for hours at a time without operation . . . and a range of cultural and civic service broadcasts." Recently, however, the owner of WQRS announced that he had sold the station to seven businessmen from Cleveland who plan to return to a commercial format. The staff offered to raise funds and buy the station, but the licensee had already filed notice with the FCC of his intention to transfer ownership to the Cleveland group.

The Federal Communications Commission, when it deliberates on the transfer, will have before it several hundred letters from Detroit residents who ask the commission to prohibit the sale. They protest that the WQRS noncommercial service is greatly needed by the community and should not be lost. There are eight AM and thirteen FM stations; only WQRS offers a listener-subscription schedule. Warm tributes to the station will include letters from Michigan's Governor Romney and Detroit's Mayor Cavanagh. Tom Adams, president of the Campbell-Ewald advertising agency, is an enthusiastic supporter and one of many civic leaders who will strongly urge the FCC to block the sale.

An *SR* reader wrote this department that he had scanned the letters from listeners and had been struck by their literacy and intensity. One of them was a college boy's letter to his parents which they sent along to the station with their small check; in the letter, the boy asked that they please, please, please send something and "strike a blow for humanity." Representatives of most of the area's educational organizations, including museums, libraries, and galleries, have added their testimonies.

The FCC may be impressed by the evidence of support for WQRS; but it is required by the law to approve the license transfer to the Cleveland commercial group if "the public interest, convenience, and necessity will be served thereby." This must be determined, however, without any reference to the offer by the staff and subscribers to buy the station. Section 310 (b) of the Communications Act states: "In acting thereon the Commission may not consider whether the public interest . . . might be served by the transfer . . . of the permit or license to a person other than the proposed transferee or assignee." This provision, if narrowly interpreted by the commission, would heavily favor the property right of the seller. He could argue that he had tried unsuccessfully to make the station financially viable and that, in his judgment, the buyer would serve the public interest. It would be difficult to prove the opposite.

The FCC has another alternative: it can set the case aside for a hearing. The prospect of a long delay, an uncertain outcome, the expenditures of time, effort, and legal fees involved might discourage the buyer and he might withdraw his offer. The licensee, in that event, might revert to a noncommercial policy himself—or sell the station to Art Center Broadcasting Foundation (the nonprofit organization set up by the staff to buy WQRS and keep it noncommercial).

Tom Adams, the Campbell-Ewald president, told me: "Detroit should have a station of this kind. The city is having a cultural renaissance and is very conscious of its obligations to keep it flourishing. We could keep the station going with the back of our hand, but more than lip service is required. The foundation should not only have enough money to buy the station—$60,000—but enough to run it successfully. This is like motherhood: how can you argue against it?" Detroit has had a newspaper strike for nearly four months. The city's press has thus been unable to draw attention to the WQRS crisis. The time is short and Detroit's leaders need to act quickly. It is unthinkable that the city that models our four-wheel mobility anew each year should fail to maintain so modest but essential an institution of selective, adult radio as WQRS (Art Center Broadcasting Foundation, P.O. Box A-816, Detroit 48232).

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

TH' UNCONQUERABLE WILL

Here are a number of dramatic, poetic, and fictional works written by famous persons, past and present, with the given name of William. Ron Smith of Laramie, Wyoming, asks that you select the balance of the author's name from Column Two to reunite creator and creation. Answers on page 57.

1. The Inheritors	( ) Sydney Porter
2. Piers Plowman	( ) Blake
3. Among School Children	( ) Wordsworth
4. Municipal Report	( ) Cowper
5. Pericles	( ) Golding
6. Indian Summer	( ) Butler Yeats
7. Set This House on Fire	( ) Dean Howells
8. The Solitary Reaper	( ) Saroyan
9. The Red Wheelbarrow	( ) Somerset Maugham
10. My Name is Aram	( ) Faulkner
11. Love for Love	( ) Makepeace Thackeray
12. The Moon and Sixpence	( ) Shakespeare
13. Songs of Innocence	( ) Langland
14. To Mary Unwin	( ) Carlos Williams
15. The Hamlet	( ) Styron
16. Henry Esmond	( ) Congreve

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Why Johnny Won't Fly

Eighty-five per cent of the American people have never traveled by air.
—News Item.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF MIAMANHATTAN AIRLINES, WITH A COPY TO THE CAB, THE FAA, THE PORT OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY, AND WHOEVER IT IS WHO RUNS MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT—GENTS: The other day it became our necessity to fly from Miami to New York. We presented ourselves at the counter and in return for $75 and some nettling tax money that was imposed to help the war effort of some other age, we were presented with a ticket that would carry us from Miami to New York. It would carry us to New York, I might add, at a considerably higher cost than the same or similar aircraft might have flown us from New York to San Juan or from Los Angeles to Honolulu (3.8 cents per passenger-mile). For reasons beyond me, unless it be the high incidence of traffic, the rate for an ordinary tourist-class flight between Miami and New York comes to 7.0 cents per passenger-mile.

The tariff we paid would, in effect, carry us only from planeside to planeside. The distances in between had to be negotiated on foot. I bring this up only because in setting out from the ticket counter of an airport nowadays, and heading for the plane, one would do well to check one's provisions, physical condition, and equipment. A pup tent and sleeping bag may not be altogether out of order. Some of the walks I've been taking would try the soul of Justice Douglas. Well, that's the way it was when I set out from the weighing-in ceremonies at Miamanhattan Airways the other day enroute to board the plane for New York. Corridor whatever-it-was stretched out of sight and my typewriter and books felt like an infantry pack. When I approached a porter and asked for one of those rolling carts some airports have borrowed from supermarkets, he scratched his head, shook it, and dispatched the verdict, "We ain't got none of those."

BY the time we had completed the forced march to the gate—nothing like it has recently been tried outside Quantico—a hard rain had broken out. This unforeseeable development did not daunt Miamanhattan Airlines. Although they had not installed direct-ramp service, such as United, Pan American, Continental, and many other airlines have long since put into serviceable use, they were not without a handy bit of equipment. To get to their umpteen-million-dollar DC-8 that waited about 150 wet yards out on the tarmac, they provided everyone with a two-dollar umbrella. The era of the horseless carriage that might have carried passengers to the plane door had not yet arrived in Miami.

The idea of the umbrella was not altogether a total loss, for even if your legs got soaked as the rain drove across the runways, the rest of you remained more or less dry. That assumed, of course, that you had an extra hand to hold the umbrella. Unfortunately, in the case of my wife and myself, there wasn't an extra hand between us. Holding a briefcase or a purse aloft in the same hand as an umbrella may not be comfortable, and admittedly it also lets the water run down one's sleeve, but that's how we made it. At the top of the stairs two stewardesses in natty sailor hats were deeply engaged in a tactical problem concerning which days off would fall when, so they were not really in any mood to be amused by the looks of us. They waited, without dropping a stitch of conversation between them, while we dumped our wet things on the floor of the plane, turned to the door to close the umbrella so we could get all of us inside before the wind whipped us away. Then they were at us eagerly. "May I check your tickets please?" they said helpfully. After we had complied on the spot—while other passengers waited on the ramp in the rain—they agreed to take our coats, which were hung in a closet at the tail end of the plane. There were no magazines in the magazine rack unless you count *Jack and Jill*, but it didn't matter because drinks and dinner were soon upon us. We don't usually drink on planes, which in this case saved us a dollar each, and we don't drink Martinis at all, which, according to some seat companions, saved us from the taste thrill of a traveling lifetime. One aisle mate insisted, and would have solemnly sworn, that the plane's provisioner had, mistakenly, he assumed, hooked up the Martini tank to the fuel line. As nettlesome as this may have proved to the Martini drinkers, it also had an unsettling effect on those of us whose technocratic knowledge did not include the capability of a jet engine to operate successfully on Martinis.

Then came dinner, and it looked familiar. The reason it looked familiar was because it was exactly the same dinner that the same airline had served me on a run from Texas to Miami the week before. It included, as the main course, a dish I presumed to be potted owl, followed by a marinated mucilage arrangement for dessert. One way to increase the acceptance quotient when serving potted owl is to get the passengers potted first. Alas, I was at a disadvantage. As for the dessert, it at least inspired some waves of nostalgia, for it reminded me of a field experiment that had been required of me when I took a general science course at DeWitt Clinton High School some eons ago. We were given a gelatinous culture that looked like custard and told to open it for a few minutes in the subway going

"If you're feeling depressed, dear, why don't you go out and sit in your Lincoln Continental for awhile?"

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"You're disgusting when you're drunk."

home. Then the lid was to be put back on. A day or so later the bacteria that had jumped from the subway car to the culture had grown a nice green colony of mold. I passed up dessert.

It is a short flight from Miami to New York these days, and midway in the journey I asked a passing stewardess to bring our coats. We were sitting in the first two seats of the coach section, immediately behind the curtain that separated us from first class and the forward section of the plane. The poor girl must have got herself involved in another discussion, for I never saw her again until the plane was on the ground and she was announcing to one and all that passengers could deplane from the forward cabin. This turn of events was difficult since our coats were in the very tail end of the plane and the passengers were approaching us from that direction at a volume and force that brought recollections of the Johnstown flood. There was nothing to do but wait for the tidal waters to recede. They did in mid-flood, as it turned out, because the stewardess got on the phone again and said that tourist-class people would now deplane from the rear of the plane.

When we got to the exit I asked for our coats, and the stewardess looked at me as if I had asked her for two tickets to Toledo. But, while the line beyond us shifted its feet agitatedly, she finally found them and we put them on and fled. The night was chilly, but the walk back into the terminal was interesting, if only for its antiquity. Here we were at Kennedy Airport, a sparkling place in parts. But Miamanhattan Airways had managed to hold on to its quaint corner, a walkway put together of old tin roofing and leftover squalor that was out of date when I moved from New York a year and a half ago and reminded me even then of the public facilities in a 42nd Street moviehouse stretched out over a quarter of a mile.

I GAVE a porter our baggage stubs and said, "Please get us a taxi," a line that couldn't have broken him up any heartier had it been delivered by Jack Benny. "We ain't got any of those tonight," he said. I stepped outside into the New York air and the scene was a madhouse of fighting limousines, occupied cabs, private cars, flailing arms, and frantic passengers looking for a way to go home. I walked down to the beautiful Saarinen building that TWA occupies and shortly found a cab. I took it back to fetch my wife and luggage, which was being carefully guarded by the porter, who had not yet been tipped. "Take us to the Algonquin," I told the driver and he headed the cab out along the clipped byways, past American Airlines' big terminal and United's. Everything sure looked civilized over there.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Chess Corner—No. 94

BOBBY FISCHER, America's tempestuous grandmaster, took on seventy-one players not long ago in Chicago. At breakneck speed, at an average of ten seconds a move against his adversaries' average of ten minutes a move, Fischer continued for seven and a half hours without even sitting down.

Fischer is in his element in rapid-fire play. In a simultaneous performance, he relies on general principles and intuition rather than exact analysis. Violent speculative assaults were the order all down the line.

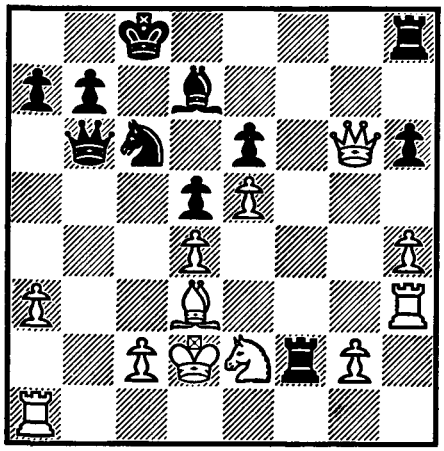
In the end, the slam-bang tactics garnered him fifty-six wins, eleven draws, and four losses.

One of the most exciting games was the French Defense adopted by expert Stewart Silverman. Fischer took the initiative and sacrificed his Queen for two Rooks and a Pawn that was about to Queen.

The manner in which Black was able to stave off defeat is shown below.

FRENCH DEFENSE

	Fischer White	Silverman Black		Fischer White	Silverman Black
1	P-K4	P-K3	10	KxN	P-QB4
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	11	P-KR4	N-B3
3	N-QB3	N-KB3	12	R-R3	PxP
4	B-N5	B-N5	13	PxP	Q-N3
5	P-K5	P-KR3	14	N-K2	B-Q2
6	B-Q2	BxN	15	Q-B4	O-O-O
7	PxB	N-K5	16	P-R3	P-B3
8	Q-N4	P-KN3	17	QxBP	QR-B1
9	B-Q3	NxB	18	QxNP	RxP



19	K-K3	R/7-B1	29	QR-KB1	P-K4
20	R-B3	QR-N1	30	N-B3	PxPch
21	Q-B6	R-B1	31	KxP	QxP
22	QxRch	RxQ	32	NxPch	K-Q1
23	RxRch	K-B2	33	P-N6	Q-N7ch
24	P-N4	NxKP	34	K-K4	Q-N7ch
25	P-N5	PxP	35	K-Q4	Q-N7ch
26	PxP	NxB	36	K-K4	Q-N7ch
27	PxN	Q-Q3	37	K-K5	Q-N7ch
28	R-B6	Q-K2		Drawn	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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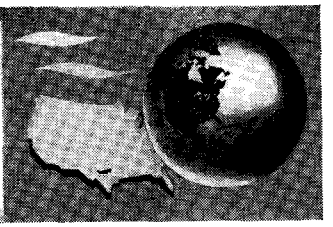
As Others See Us



EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Warren Commission report, some 800 pages of testimony, diagrams, photographs, and closely reasoned argument, concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in assassinating President Kennedy. Although the commission painstakingly investigated rumors of plots and conspiracies, it said it could find no evidence to support any other conclusion. How persuasive were these findings outside the United States? Many readers, as the following excerpts from the world's press suggest, had few remaining doubts about the events of last November 22. But some were not at all convinced—partly, perhaps, because any reasonable mind must inevitably recoil from the thought that history can be so easily shaped by the whim of one irrational man.* —*J.F.F.*

MOSCOW:

Doubts and Suspicions

OSWALD WAS INTERROGATED with short interruptions for a total of about twelve hours. In the course of the interrogation he denied that he had had anything at all to do with the two killings. The following fact is quite amazing: The Dallas police captain who conducted a large part of the interrogation, according to the report, "did not take any notes, and . . . no stenographic or tape recordings were made."

The report emphasizes that the Dallas authorities created an abnormal situation around the Oswald case. Even after the Dallas police received a telephone warning about an intended attempt on Oswald's life, the report notes, they took no precautionary measures.

It is known that after the assassination of Kennedy, the reactionary American press tried to represent Oswald as all but a "Marxist." The report also makes an attempt to depict Oswald as a "self-styled Marxist." But it immediately expresses the reservation that he had his own understanding of Marxism.

The commission studied Oswald's attempts to represent himself as a man connected with various political organizations, in particular with the U.S. Communist Party and with several committees for the defense of Cuba. The commission did not discover any evidence that the contacts he tried to establish had any relation whatsoever to "Oswald's subsequent assassination of the President."

The report does not give any clear explanation of the motives for Oswald's assassination of Kennedy, but calls attention to his extremely unbalanced character.

The report states that Oswald had proclivities for assassination, that he had tried to kill the retired General Walker and later allegedly intended to kill former Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

The voluminous report of the Warren Commission did not dispel all the doubts and suspicions about the "crime of the century," as the American press called the assassination of Kennedy. It seems that not everything mysterious has become public. Right at the beginning of the work of the commission, its chairman declared that some facts connected with the assassination of President Kennedy may not be revealed in the lifetime of this generation. —*Pravda.*

LEEDS:

Another Possibility

IT IS CURIOUS . . . that very little attention seems to have been paid, even by the commission, to yet another possibility—that Oswald was inspired by Communism not of the Russian but of the Chinese variety. Oswald was admittedly a Marxist. He lived for a while in Russia, then became discontented and returned to the United States. It is just such human failure that the Chinese might seek out to try to utilize.

—*Yorkshire Post.*

MILAN:

Time for the Truth

IT MAY BE DIFFICULT to accept the judgment of Bertrand Russell ("a document unfortunately incompetent"), or Mark Lane's opinion ("a document full of speculations and guesses. . . . the date of its release will be remembered as a day of mourning for American justice"). But it is equally impossible to accept its essential conclusions. The report omits matters rather frequently, and often important ones, furnishing unedited details that are not important.

Our considered opinion for now is that the Warren Commission could not or has not known how to grasp the whole truth. . . . To us personally, a man called Oswald, or Ruby, cannot interest us too much. We know that they were not completely innocent, and we did not need the Warren Commission to reveal this to us. There are, however, innocent men, and above all there is America; for the sake of all the innocent ones, it is about time that the truth came to the surface. —*L'Europeo.*

OTTAWA:

The Deeper Question

TO READ THE FINDINGS of the Warren Commission is almost to relive that dreadful day in Dallas ten months ago. It is not much easier today than it was then to accept the shocking truth: that one unhappy youth, for reasons buried deep in his own twisted mind, snuffed out the life of one of the great figures of our age at a time when his potential for achievement was only beginning to be realized. . . .

There is a deeper question to which everyone must find his own answers. In all societies there are unfortunate children who grow up without the normal securities of family affection, discipline, and purpose. The Warren report tells in detail the story of Lee Oswald's dislocated childhood, leading inevitably to a frustrated manhood. In the failure of a family, and in the failure of a society, to provide the environment for healthy growth lies the hidden seed of destruction. —*Ottawa Citizen.*

EDINBURGH:

Dull but Convincing

IN FACT, muddle in Oswald's mind and in the headquarters of the Dallas police is a much more convincing explanation of the weekend's events than theories that depend on Machiavellian international conspiracies or the devious plots of Texas oil magnates. The Warren report, published after exhaustive research, comes to conclusions that are dull but convincing. Truth can be duller than fiction. And the Warren report's findings could be overthrown only by new and sensational evidence. Meantime, and probably forever, it is the definitive version. —*The Scotsman.*

PARIS:

Three Choices

LET US BEGIN WITH the conclusions a scrupulous reader is bound to draw. It is difficult to consider other hypotheses than the following:

1) Either the Warren Report is a gigantic "patriotic falsehood" involving

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At Random

►"The findings of the Warren Commission's inquiry are comprehensive and convincing and will be accepted by sensible people. The report will surely end the wild speculations of international and domestic plots circulating since the President's death."
—*Sydney Daily Mirror.*

►"We will believe the Warren report in its full context, but cannot help but tremble to hear that such a person [Oswald] existed and that a President has been assassinated by such a person. . . . If he had acted in conspiracy with either the right or the left, or with any foreign elements or any other organizations . . . the incident would have grave consequences on the democratic order of the United States and the peace of the whole world." —*Sankei, Tokyo.*

►"None of the reasons given for Oswald's deed seems strong enough to motivate him to such an extreme action. . . . Not even a child can believe that the poisonous atmosphere of the racial issue has nothing to do with the event. . . . We do not believe that the Kennedy assassination was the result of only one man's enmity against him."
—*Rozana Hind, Calcutta.*

►"We know we have been deceived. This report poses more problems than it resolves. . . . It gives the impression that, less than a mission of truth, it was a mission of social conformism in the service of the government. . . . What disturbs us most is that the report adapts itself too well to the wishes of the rich and contented and magnificently serves their interests."
—*La Depeche, Phnompenh, Cambodia.*

►"The amateurs of mystery stories will be disappointed by the Warren report. The report is simple, clear, and precise, and its internal logic is prodigious: Lee Harvey Oswald is the sole culprit." —*L'Aurore, Paris.*

►"Oswald may have acted alone, but his terrible deed nevertheless benefited a powerful group of persons."
—*Neues Osterreich, Vienna.*

►"President Kennedy was killed twice, once at the hands of criminals and again at the hands of justice."
—*Ash-Shaab, Beirut.*

►"The fact remains that a great President of the United States, whose courage and wisdom had been tested successfully on many occasions, lost his life. This is something that no report can change in the hearts and minds of all." —*Daily Post, Athens.*

thousands of submissive accomplices—the greatest governmental mystification of modern times in Western civilization—designed, for impenetrable reasons, to "bury" the crime of November 22.

2) Or there is an enormous mystery beyond what the report can grasp. One would then have to suppose that behind Oswald and Ruby there is an enormous infallible machinery escaping the dull search of the judiciary investigation.

3) Or perhaps the truth lies simply in the Warren report: Oswald, alone and deliberately, killed President Kennedy, after having missed General Walker six months earlier. And Ruby alone killed Oswald. The affair is therefore closed.

But we must not be mistaken about the nature of the truth presented to us. It is limited in purpose. It refuses to pronounce on the motives of the killers' actions. It makes a big bundle of guesses based on their histories, but it is incapable of determining precisely what happened. —*Le Monde.*

CALCUTTA

An End to Mystery

THE REPORT OF THE Warren Commission of inquiry into the assassination of President Kennedy does not—as, indeed, it could not have been expected to do—detract from the great poignancy of the tragedy, which was not felt in the U.S. alone. But the commission has performed the task allotted to it in a thoroughly exhaustive manner. The Warren report is a valuable judicial document that appears to be as nearly perfect as is possible on available evidence and circumstances of the crime. It convincingly clears the mystery built up by speculative imagination and the immediate succession of events, like the murder of Oswald, who alone was guilty of the crime, according to the Warren Commission's weighty judgment. The implications of the findings are of considerable importance, not merely from the legal point of view.

It is important to know from the Warren Commission's report that Oswald was nobody's hireling, but a man who acted on his own disgruntled and megalomaniac impulse and homicidal instinct. The commission carefully investigated Oswald's connection with political organizations in the U.S. and found not the remotest association of any of them with Oswald's individual crime and perverted motive. Nor did it find the slightest evidence of foreign instigation, particularly from the Soviet Union, of which country Oswald had been once an admirer and resident. . . .

The Warren report is a revealing and reassuring document. . . . Yet so precious and young a life as that of President Kennedy might have been saved had a little more care and precaution against eventualities, even though improbable, been taken by those who were directly responsible for the personal safety of the President. There, the Warren Commission has been unsparing in its strictures against the Secret Service, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Dallas police. Perhaps the long absence of political assassinations in the U.S. tended to slacken security arrangements, but the cost of smugness has been President Kennedy's life.
—*Amrita Bazar Patrika.*

HAMBURG:

No Conspiracy

THERE WAS NO CONSPIRACY, no plot of American extremists, no plan or participation of foreign powers. . . . At the same time, American society has been acquitted of the charge of being a playground of sinister underground forces. The integrity of the persons, both Democrats and Republicans, who tried to find the truth during these long months speaks for itself. —*Die Welt.*

KUALA LUMPUR:

Vote of Confidence

ALL EXCEPT MORBID-MINDED and right-wing and left-wing fanatics, who believe what they want to believe, will be satisfied by the Warren Commission's report on the assassination of President Kennedy. . . . Absolute negatives are difficult to prove, but the most exhaustive investigation has failed to disclose any trace of evidence of conspiracy, any indication that foreign agents or subversive organizations participated in their crime. —*Straits Times.*

HONG KONG:

Dark Speculations Rejected

THE MYSTERY, THE DOUBTS, and the dark speculations that have appeared in print were systematically considered and rejected. . . . No less important are the frank criticisms of various law enforcement departments (including the circumstances surrounding the shooting by Jack Ruby), and these will now be—if they have not already been—the subject of strict examination by the agencies concerned. —*South China Post.*

MANILA:

Beyond Truth or Error

WHY WILL THE WARREN REPORT never be final? The Warren report . . . should

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dispel all doubt that the killer, like his own assassin later, was acting for a group of conspirators. But it doesn't. Like other tragic events in history in which the protagonists left no written record, this one is bound to remain a mystery to later generations. . . . It was not the skeptics who created the mystery, but the confusion that attended the first reports from the Dallas police. . . . Ironically enough, the more complete the report became, the more it was likely to make many observers in other countries doubt its conclusions. To them, so much effort is suspect. . . . Even supposing that the present generation will eventually come to accept the Warren report as conclusive, the "mystery" is certain to be revived by posterity. . . . This is no longer a case of truth or error. . . . It has acquired the nature of legend.
—*Manila Times.*

In General: The Fumbled Dropkick

NEW DELHI:

Backyard Satellite?

WITHIN LESS THAN three months of the passing away of Jawaharlal Nehru, the United States has begun to bully this proud and ancient land as if India were one of her backyard satellites.

The latest example is provided by the Washington ultimatum that we scrap the MIG deal with the Soviet Union in order to prove ourselves worthy of receiving American "consideration for assistance" in the development of the HF-24 supersonic aircraft. And not that alone. We are ordered to discontinue our friendly collaboration with the UAR also and jettison all plans of securing the Egyptian Mach II engine for our indigenous supersonic production.

Reasons given for this insult to our national honor and sovereignty are no less humiliating. India, the Yanks tell us, will not be able to bear the economic burden of the two projects, the MIG and HF-24—in other words, India is in no economic position to defend herself! Further, believe it or not, Indian production of both these types of aircraft would destroy the balance of airpower between India and Pakistan – that is, *Washington insists that we permanently remain inferior in airpower to its satellite of Pakistan!* —*Blitz.*

TORONTO:

Dissenting Vote

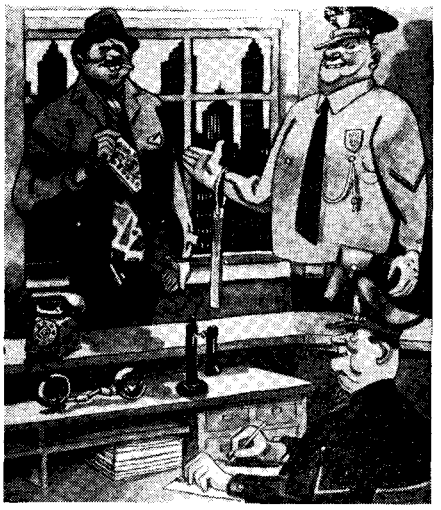
IT TAKES COURAGE—even if it makes little sense – to advocate outright economic and political merger of Canada and the United States.

Yet once or twice every year, earnest Americans appear on the scene to explain the benefits of "this great continent becoming one great country."

Speaking to students at the University of Western Ontario recently, Edward Lamb, an Ohio industrialist, was eager to explain why relations between the two countries "should be consummated with a legalistic seal of marriage."

Canada would bring its "progressive and wholesome" political leadership qualities into the marriage and the U.S. would put up the cash. While our men in Washington were busily liberalizing and activating Congress, American know-how and money could increase living standards in Canada.

It is a painful duty to contradict the enthusiastic Mr. Lamb. But contradict we must.



—*Krokodil, Moscow.*

"I like this gangster—there's something winning about him."

Together with most Canadians, we simply don't believe that our economic survival is impossible without selling out lock, stock, and barrel to the U.S.

On the contrary, we believe that Canada has a place among the independent nations of the world and economic independence is a prerequisite of political survival. —*Toronto Daily Star.*

ESSEN:

Symbols of Power

EMPERORS AND KINGS carried the weapons of their times at their sides, the unobtrusive sword that could be rattled occasionally. To be sure, the weapon of our times is in the hands of President Johnson. Though he cannot have his hand on the receiver of the famous Red phone at all times to move bombers and rockets into action, provision is made to keep him in direct command at all times.

How does the man who has such a weapon at his side feel? Surely it does no harm for him to let good friends at least have a closer look. And surely this is what passed through President Johnson's mind in conducting NATO Secretary General [Manlio] Brosio to the underground command center of the Strategic Air Command. "This is the President speaking," Johnson said over the Red phone "Do you hear me?" No answer; the sword did not stir.

An officer explained that the President had used the wrong procedure. He took the phone and said: "Skybird, this is Dropkick." Suddenly eighty-six lights glowed on the command board.

Poor President Johnson. He is the strongest man in the world and yet was thwarted in demonstrating it. And we hope he will never have to do so in the future.

—*Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.*

CONSIDERING THE ENGLISH a violent race (historically, ethically, emotionally), I'm impressed by their disregard for the simple danger of Manhattan's streets. There have been several cases concerning newly arrived Englishmen who were hit on the head while admiring Central Park at sunset. But trained New Yorkers choose their itineraries with care. At my good East Side girls' school, we were advised at twelve to carry a rolled copy of *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, or *Fortune* dangling casually at our sides; if assaulted, we were to heave it up beneath the villain's chin, coincident with swift action of the knee. (Some parents thought this excessive; mine asked me to be certain that the menace was not a family friend.) Recently, I've had two robberies within six months (and now keep my amethysts in the oven, on police advice), have been attacked at a Garbo film (*Mata Hari*), and have twice been most unpleasantly trapped in vestibules—in one case, escaping only by pretending to have cancer, which caused a wonderfully quick recoil. All my assailants were white, clothed in decent sportswear, seemed educated; they were perhaps a trifle drunk but clearly crazed. The point is that my neighborhood (East 75th Street) is supposed to be safe—so safe that the police are rarely around when we want them. . . .
—*Nora Sayre in the New Statesman, London.*

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The Publishing Scene

Continued from page 25

possible. Somehow GPO, which isn't in the business for profit, managed to put a price tag of $3.25 on its hardcover edition, which works out to $1.75 more than AP's but 70¢ less than McGraw-Hill's. Along with a soft-cover edition ($2.50) the government's entry is being ordered—the only way you can get it—at the rate of 35,000 copies a week.

Yes, But Will It Sell? Technically, the production problems involved were frightening. For example, trade publishers could not be sure just how long the Report would run. To allow for this problem, Bantam printed two sets of 550,000 covers well in advance, one set with a large spine size. (As matters developed, the Report fitted nicely into the smaller cover and was "bulked" to fit the larger.) A printing priority had also been set up with the F. W. Hall Co. in Chicago last summer, and when "copy" was flown out on September 25, 150 Bantam employees worked around the clock to see the job through.

From a business point of view, the fascinating thing about the Report is that for the first time in history five publishers brought out the same book, more or less simultaneously, and sold it in a wide variety of sizes and prices—75¢, $1, $1.50, $2.50, $3.25, $3.95, and $4.95. (As we noted, it could also be obtained "free," and there is some indication that this BOM dividend is the most successful hardcover edition of all.)

At this writing there are at least two million paperbound and another 800,000 hardcover Reports in print. Of the latter, less than 100,000 are being funneled through bookstores. The lesson would seem to be that the traditional mechanics of publishing can be thrown over in an emergency, and that the logistics of the business are open to persuasion. The whole operation comes perilously close to magazine publishing, but it is not without its hazards. For instance, the crash program in getting out the paperback editions dislocated the manufacturing end of the book business no end. For a time the F. W Hall Co. virtually had to quit printing other books—chiefly those of Bantam's competitors.

Did the results of the operation justify all this frenzy? Financially, the most important government handout ever handed out has already been converted into the year's biggest bonanza. But apart from this, Bantam's president, Oscar Dystel, thinks a good many opportunities are being overlooked by publishers when it comes to getting instant, widespread (and worldwide) distribution of critical American documents. If the public is willing, the publishers must be ready and able, and this is just what sales of the Warren Commission Report brought home. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

Between Silence and Rhetoric

The Journal of Jules Renard, *edited and translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget (Braziller. 254 pp. $6), reflects a mind at work on day to day experiences, from the harshness of peasant life to the brilliance of fin-de-siècle Paris. Germaine Brée is professor of French Literature at the Institute for Research in the Humanities of the University of Wisconsin.*

By GERMAINE BREE

"CERTAIN liars," writes Jules Renard, "have such a need of lying that one takes pity on them and helps them along . . ." Where men of letters are concerned, the intimate journal has often been an attempt at getting beyond the lie. Halfway between silence and rhetoric, fact and fiction, it is a strictly private enterprise. Yet more or less obliquely it is destined too to be read, one might say, halfway between the self and the public. All writers of journals, one suspects, and men of letters most certainly, seek to make themselves known even more than to know themselves. Among French authors, the journal-writers from Stendhal to our time (in which, one can surmise, dozens of journals are being written) have been infinitely diverse: the Goncourt brothers, Amiel, Renard, Gide, Julian Green, to name only the best known. But they all have a family likeness: they seem to feel somewhat removed from their contemporaries and from their own work. A Balzac or a Proust does not keep journals.

Although he was a relatively successful writer and the mayor of his small town, Jules Renard was, in some ways, a man as removed as it is possible to be from the literary and artistic world around him. At a time when Paris was seething with new ideas he stayed on the sidelines—closed to the Impressionists, scornful of Mallarmé, ridiculing Cézanne. But at least he did not pretend. He remained tied to his own world—family and village—and to the countryside he loved. "Complete fidelity to self" would be an apt subtitle for his *Journal.*

Renard's journal covers almost a quarter of a century of his short life, from 1887, when he was twenty-three, to his death in 1910 at forty-six. His editors very carefully and briefly recall his honorable literary career: short novels, many of which were later adapted for the stage, like *Poil de Carotte* (*Carrot Top*), his most successful work; short stories. Renard took pleasure in his literary successes, but he also regarded them with a critical eye. The *Journal,* well suited to his frail temperament, his "lethargy" as he called it, and his sensitivity was what he really valued.

As in the journal of any writer, we may glean from his pages unorthodox and not always impartial views of literary mores and personalities: Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Rostand, Guitry, Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt. Yet perhaps the deepest pleasure Renard affords us we owe to a quality that gives the best journals their appeal: the sense we have of watching a mind at work, day by day, on the raw materials of a specific experience, shaping them subtly, inclining them, slowly drawing a true self-portrait out of what one might call an approximate sincerity. Of all diarists Jules Renard is surely the one who comes closest to absolute sincerity—truthful sometimes to the point of silence or banality, at others unflinching in his description of just what he saw and felt, however intimately, as in his unvarnished account of his reactions to the ill-assorted and rather terrifying parents he had already depicted in *Poil de Carotte*; truthful, too, in the delight he felt at rendering in words certain impressions of light, season, and atmosphere, at coining the aphorisms in which he liked to clothe his thought.

Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget, the able translators and editors of this English version of the *Journal* (a handsome and well-presented volume), had of necessity to make a choice from the more than 1200 pages of the original work, itself already emended by Renard's wife. Something is thereby lost of the full flavor of an individual life. But the selection is judicious and the translations apt, an important accomplishment in view of the fact that the quality of his language and its precision meant so much to Renard. Only the discipline of expression, one feels, made it possible for him, endowed as he was with an abnormally retractive though intense sensitivity, to face up to the harsh realities he observed.

Renard's journal elicited one of Sartre's sweeping paradoxes: "Directly or indi-

(*Continued on page 43*)

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The Sounds Around Us

The Treasure of Our Tongue, *by Lincoln Barnett (Knopf. 304 pp. $5.95), sees the English language as destined for world supremacy, and defends it against the advocates of unbridled "Usage." Mario Pei is professor of Romance Philology at Columbia University.*

By MARIO PEI

THE POPULARIZATION of language topics, long a prerogative of linguistic specialists, has of late become a vogue among writers in other fields. This practice offers both advantages (freshness of approach, a minimum of professional jargon) and disadvantages (factual inaccuracies, misuse of source material). On balance, Lincoln Barnett, a writer on scientific subjects, has done an excellent job. He has made a sincere effort to explore the field, as shown by his comprehensive bibliography. His errors of fact, some of which are listed below, are not of the shocking variety to this reviewer, though they will undoubtedly fill with "horror" some of my learned colleagues, whose sensibilities are easily offended by oversimplifications and oversights, but even more by a readable style. (Was it not St. Augustine who said, "It is better to be reproved by the philologists than to be unintelligible to the people"?)

Mr. Barnett has skilfully blended several distinct things: a good thumbnail sketch of the history of the English language (chapters IV and V, "The Great River of English" and "Variations on a Theme by Shakespeare"); a thoroughly professional presentation (the best that has come to my notice so far) of the varieties of animal forms of communication (chapter III, "The Nature and Origin of Human Language"); a somewhat over-optimistic account of the spread of English as a medium of world communication (this, forming the substance of the first chapter, "The Linguistic Wonder of the Modern World," is based largely on Barnett's earlier article in *Life* Magazine); and an impassioned but well-documented defense of "good" English (the final chapter, "The Future of the English Language"), in which he minces no words as to the ultimate responsibility for the collapse of our tongue that is in progress today. For good measure, he has added an essay on the pitfalls of English (chapter II, "A Hornet's Nest of False Simplicity"), which to some extent offsets his incurable optimism and linguistic nationalism (for instance, he describes English as having "ascended to heights of literary splendor never attained by any language before or since," which is a fairly large order).

There is some inherent contradiction between Mr. Barnett's view of the English language as ineluctably destined for world supremacy, presented in his initial chapter, and his pessimism about what is going on at present, expressed in his final section. But perhaps the damage done to the language by the structural linguists and their cohorts in the field of public education may not be altogether irreparable, now that cultured lay writers with a wide intellectual following, such as Dwight Macdonald, J. Donald Adams, Jacques Barzun, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Mr. Barnett himself, have recognized the danger and rushed to reinforce the thin red line of those professional linguists who for years have been crying in the wilderness against the advocates of unbridled "Usage" and the subverters of our cultural heritage.

"Language," says Mr. Barnett in part, "was devised by man, it is unique to man, and it works only when men agree on what its components mean." Elsewhere he formulates this indictment:

> To almost everyone who cherishes the English language for its grace and beauty, its combination of precision and flexibility, the social philosophy of the Structural Linguists seems past comprehension—epitomizing indeed the "anti-intellectualism of the intellectual." Among all the forces of cultural vandalism at work in the country, their influence has been, perhaps, the most insidious . . . the impact of the Structural Linguists is like that of slow atomic fallout: through their influence on teachers' colleges and teachers, hence on the schools and the pupils within them, they are incapacitating the coming generation. And the paradoxical aspect of their assault on the English language is that they claim to be motivated only by the purest democratic principles.

Mr. Barnett is perhaps over-harsh, for not all structural linguists share the extreme views he deplores. It might also be pointed out that the presentation of language as primarily a vehicle of self-expression, and only secondarily as a tool of communication, goes back to a distinguished philosopher, Benedetto Croce, who was in no sense a structural linguist. In linguistics, as in politics, the extremes tend to meet.

In his desire to prove that English is sweeping the world, the author ignores some contradictory statistics. René Etiemble, whom he cites in another connection, states in his *Parlez-vous Franglais?* that in Rumania 80 per cent of all students study French; that French is compulsory in the high schools of Brazil,

"What shall I do with the master's playthings?"

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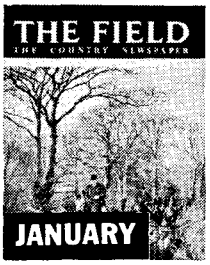

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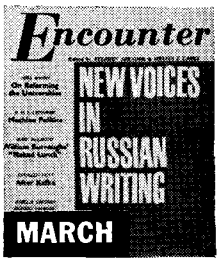

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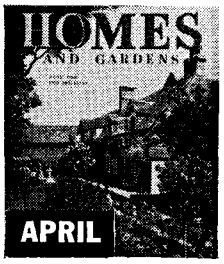

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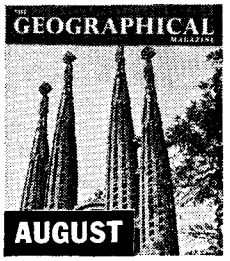

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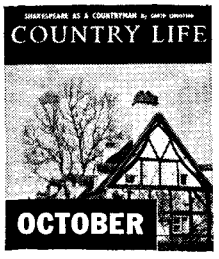

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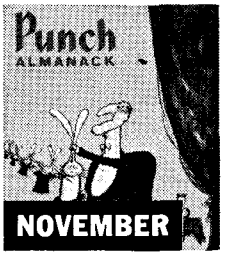

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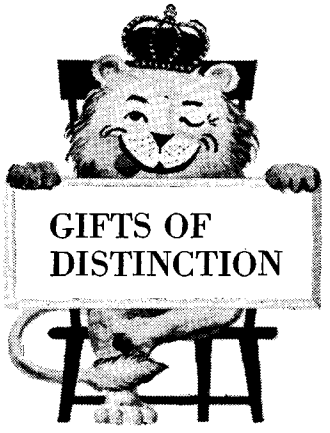

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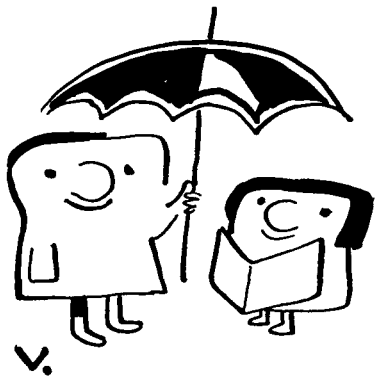
Holland, Portugal, Colombia, and Costa Rica; that even in the USSR, where 50 per cent of advanced students learn English, 30 per cent still choose French and 20 per cent German. An independent survey of the Italian educational system conducted by this reviewer a few years ago revealed the astounding fact that, despite the war and the subsequent American occupation, there are still ten Italian students who study French for every one who studies English. Among a group of distinguished African visitors to the University of Pittsburgh while I was stationed there not one could speak English, but all spoke fluent French.

The author displays a different kind of bias in another connection. He devotes exactly six lines to English borrowings from Italian, and five pages to words from India. Mr. Barnett defines "Hindu" as "speaker of Hindi" and equates Bantu, a large linguistic family consisting of over 100 languages, with English, French, and Arabic, each an individual tongue. He lists Sinhalese as one of the most important languages of India. He speaks of Old English *irre* (anger) as having been largely supplanted by Scandinavian *angr,* though all dictionaries agree in deriving *ire* from Latin *ira* (through old French) and placing its first appearance in the Middle-English period. He gives Italian *ce* as the equivalent of English "it is." He describes *movable, punishable,* and *unaccountable* as formed on Anglo-Saxon stems.

More debatable is his statement that only 5 per cent of the world's 4,000 tongues have a written alphabet. While this may have been true at the outset of the nineteenth century, it is so no longer; the American Bible Society's *Book of a Thousand Tongues* gives a clear indication of the work done by missionaries in this field.

But these are not things of primary importance in a book such as Barnett's. What really counts is his thoroughly readable, intensely interesting style, his basically sound views concerning the language, and the sublime heights of irony to which he rises in his final-chapter discussion of modern trends, not merely in the field of language but in all the realms of the intellect.



Always Time to Travel On

***At Large,** by Herbert Kubly (Doubleday. 250 pp. $4.95), takes the road with a peripatetic journalist from Glarus, Wisconsin, who is at home just about anywhere. John K. Hutchens's reminiscences, "One Man's Montana," were published recently.*

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

WHEN Herbert Kubly distinguishes between professional writers and those who have "drifted into such peripheral areas as journalism and television," he does himself an injustice. Mr. Kubly is a professional writer. He is also, and at the same time, a superior journalist in the sense that Charles Dickens was when he took to the road in Europe and America and described, with great vigor, what he saw and heard and felt. Mr. Kubly, similarly taking to the road, really should not disparage a craft whose best tradition he honors.

The roads he takes in *At Large* are several, beginning with an enlightening one into himself and the background and environment that have made him what he is: a tireless traveler, an observer who digs under the surface of a scene and its people, as every truly good reporter must.

New Glarus, Wisconsin, was young Herbert Kubly's home town. It had been settled by colonists from the canton of Glarus, Switzerland, who brought with them their music, their folkways (including the Swiss penchant for suicidal depression), their bourgeois practicality —and their Calvinism. Some of these characteristics emerged in Herbert Kubly, notably the passion for music, and also an atavistic yearning for the mountains that did so much to shape his forebears' minds and mores.

Some of these characteristics, but not all. Although the author insists that "I remain a bourgeois, descended through my ancestors from one bourgeois nation and born into another," there remains his father's word for it that "we never had anything like him in the family before." He read everything he could put a bookmark to, from Horatio Alger on and up. He even wrote poems. Escaping from his Calvinist heritage took some doing, but he made it, or came close enough to making it, by way of his education at the University of Wisconsin and a further and different sort of education on the staffs of the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and *Time*. And then he was ready for Europe.

Every reader of his National Book Award-winning *American in Italy* will know what he means when he says that he felt at once upon arriving in Naples a sense of recognition, prelude to the months that would be, as of then, the happiest in his life. Yet he was not to be in the familiar mold of the American expatriate. Indeed, he discovered his own country through his temporary alienation from it—which is why, gratifyingly, the same man can write with affection of both Pittsburgh and Rome, and with equal force and vividness of Elba and a squalid Wisconsin logging town.

To the land that was his ancestral home, Switzerland, he naturally went with a special receptiveness, as of one who was all but a native—with results both comic and moving. In Canton Glarus the residents smiled at what his idea of local music should be. Tommy Dorsey's horn was more popular there than yodeling. The phrases and colloquialisms he brought from New Glarus, Wisconsin, had not been heard for years in their place of origin. This gave one to think, as did his experience in a Canton Glarus cemetery, where he found his own name, or rather that of namesake relatives, on three gravestones.

Zurich was a curious combination of cold materialism and hot lechery. The Trastevere quarter of Rome was pure frenzy. Bayreuth was Wagner, Salzburg was Mozart. From one to another, and down the Rhine on a wine journey with a non-drinking cousin named Siegfried, went Mr. Kubly, listening, looking, tasting, and sending pieces back to the magazines where most of this book first appeared.

That he winds up in a New Hampshire bird and game sanctuary, presided over by an American-born lady with a title deriving from the old French nobility, somehow seems fitting for a traveler who says he belongs nowhere but is clearly at home just about everywhere, and writes with a zest and assurance that prove it.

SR's December 5th issue will help you solve your Christmas book-giving problems.

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SR's Check List of The Week's New Books

Americana

CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.: Hub of a New World. By Christopher Rand. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE FIST IN THE WILDERNESS. By David Lavender. Doubleday. $5.95.

Anthologies

THE SATURDAY BOOK No. 24. Edited by John Hadfield. Macmillan. $8.95.

Archeology

ANCIENT MYTHS AND ARCHAEOLOGY. By L. Sprague and Catherine C. de Camp. Doubleday. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

CALL AFTER MIDNIGHT. By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House. $3.95.

MURDER CAN'T WAIT. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $3.50.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME. By Dola de Jong. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

BRITISH GUIANA. By Peter Newman. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.75.

CANADA A TO Z. By Robert S. Kane. Doubleday. $4.95.

JAMAICAN LEADERS: Political Attitudes in a New Nation. By Wendell Bell. Univ. of California Press. $6.

WORLD COMMUNISM: The Disintegration of a Secular Faith. By Richard Lowenthal. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

Essays

NO CAUSE FOR PANIC. By Russell Baker. Lippincott. $4.95.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW? By Harry Golden. Putnam. $4.95.

Fiction

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR. By Basil Heatter. Doubleday. $4.95.

A BOOK OF COMFORT. By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

CHRISTMAS IN GEORGIA. By Celestine Sibley. Doubleday. $5.95.

DREAMBOAT. By Arthur Hoppe. Doubleday. $4.50.

FIRST PAPERS. By Laura Z. Hobson. Random House. $6.95.

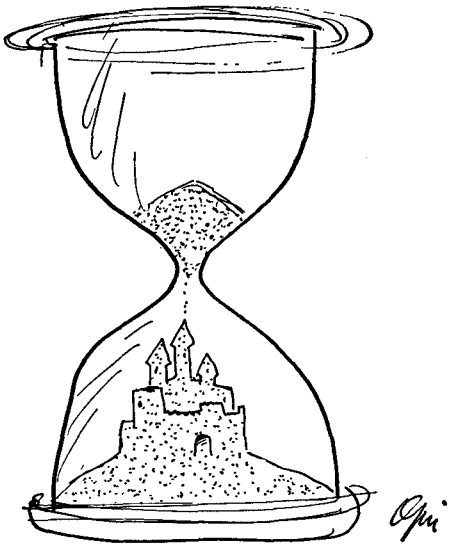
MOST SECRET. By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row. $3.95.

History

THE BURDEN OF GUILT: A Short History of Germany, 1914-1945. By Hannah Vogt. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

THE GESTAPO. By Jacques Delarue. Morrow. $6.95.

THEY SAW IT HAPPEN IN CLASSICAL TIMES: An Anthology of Eye-Witness Accounts of Events in the Histories of Greece and Rome, 1600 B.C.-A.D. 565. Compiled by B. K. Workman. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.



Miscellany

AFTER MORE BLACK COFFEE. By Father Robert Ignatius Gannon. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

THE BOUNTIFUL SEA. By Seabrook Hull. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

LOOKING IN JUNK SHOPS. By John Bedford. McKay. $3.95.

THROUGH EUROPE WITH A JUG OF WINE. By Morrison Wood. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

THE WORLD OF WINES. By Creighton Churchill. Macmillan. $6.95.

Personal History

A GENTLEMAN OF BROADWAY: The Story of Damon Runyon. By Edwin Palmer Hoyt. Little, Brown. $6.95.

A LITTLE LEARNING: An Autobiography. The Early Years. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $5.50.

PIONEER PROPHETESS. By Herbert A. Wisbey, Jr. Cornell Univ. Press. $4.95.

RANCH WIFE. By Jo Jeffers. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

RHYMES OF A PFC. By Lincoln Kirstein. New Directions. $3.50.

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Samuel Yellen. Indiana Univ. Press. $3.50.

Psychology

VOICES FROM THE INAUDIBLE: The Patients Speak. By Theodore Reik. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

Religion, Philosophy

EMERSON ON THE SOUL. By Jonathan Bishop. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.75.

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. Edited by George Brantl. Braziller. Two volumes. $15.

STUDIES IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY JEWISH INTELLECTUAL HISTORY. Edited by Alexander Altmann. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.75.

THE SYNOPTIC PROBLEM. By William R. Farmer. Macmillan. $10.

UNITY THROUGH LOVE: Essays in Ecumenism. By Jean Guitton. Herder & Herder. $3.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Silence and Rhetoric

Continued from page 38

rectly, Renard is at the origin of contemporary literature." Sartre no doubt meant that Renard, like most French writers today, faced the insoluble paradoxes involved in the act of writing itself. "I know," he wrote lucidly, "the exact point at which literature loses its footing and no longer is in touch with life." To keep literature as closely in touch with life as possible and still keep writing was his ambition, and it was accompanied by a wry irony: "Here's a page of description that is well worth another," he could write, with a somewhat devastating detachment, of a piece of his own work.

Renard was blessed with an acute sense of what we have since smothered under a thick blanket of rhetoric, the sense of the inexplicable, of the "absurd" nature of all things. But he also enjoyed a sense of the wholeness of the world of nature and felt a deep though tacit compassion for human beings, a compassion he often stifled and held in check, not in his actions but in his writing, so scrupulous was he in his use of words, so uneasily sensitive to any distortion, sentimentality, or wordiness. Impressions of the countryside he loved; aphorisms, ironical, witty, deflationary and yet not bitter; starkly realistic sketches of peasants; transcriptions, verbatim one feels, of current conversations in all their inanity; a real underlying compassion—these are the varied facets that give his *Journal* a multidimensional quality. Perceptive and straightforward, Louise Bogan's introduction and Elizabeth Roget's short biographical page give just the insight that can make the journal come alive for the reader.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1109

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1109 will be found in the next issue.

BUBZGPHNG KMFDV DH PB

VHYBPHNG: FHPHNG KMFDV DH

AZHK.

AHBDOB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1108

We can do noble acts without ruling earth and sea. —ARISTOTLE.

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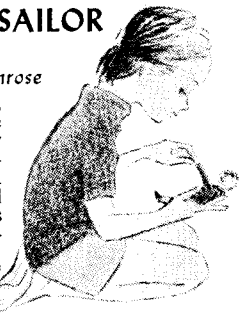

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An Honorable Profession

By MARY STOLZ

For as long as she can remember Mary Stolz has loved to write. "I still can feel the sometimes almost unbearably exciting prospect offered by a sheet of blank paper and an idea . . . I liked anything that could be written about." Her published works include several books and many short stories for adults, as well as sixteen popular teen-age novels and ten books for younger children (all published by Harper & Row). Many of her books have received awards. See page 55 for review of her latest one, "A Love or a Season." —A.D.

WHAT makes a children's book writer? What nourishes the imagination and the pen of the writer for young people, as distinct from other sorts of writers?

It seems that few authors of children's books are agreed upon the answer. Recently I read an article in which five of them explained what, to them, makes the breed, and I disagreed with everything they had to say. Here were men and women talking about the profession I love in terms I found oversimplified, odd, even astounding. In order to be completely unfair, I shall oversimplify in quoting from them.

They place great reliance on keeping in touch with the audience. One writer says he hangs around high schools, getting atmosphere for his stories. This is a method of research that would be absolutely closed to me; I cannot imagine how one would go about wandering through a school, and can think of few occupations that would seem less productive.

A second writer, a woman, said she bakes cookies, with which she tempts neighboring children into her house. Once they are within her purview, she becomes "as a piece of furniture" and eavesdrops, making mental notes of their conversations and attitudes. She also scouts playgrounds, supermarkets, children's rooms in libraries. Again, all this seems to me impractical. To begin with, there'd be all those cookies to make. And suppose the children came when you wanted to write about them

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rather than mine them. What then? Forgo what may be a good writing mood, or be abrupt with the young visitors and so risk the loss of source material? And how does a normally busy person find time to dawdle in playground, library, and market waiting for children to say or do something usable in the literary sense? I think all this would lead one into the sort of dilemma that thwarts creativity.

Still another woman offered the notion that since children are going to be the readers, children should be editors and arbiters of books in progress. She gives her manuscripts to her own children for editing and comment; strikes from the day's work anything they fail to respond to, and generally attempts to steer her course according to their lights.

I can't begin to think what a hodgepodge this must make of her approach to theme and structure, to say nothing of her self-confidence. My own belief is that no manuscript should be seen by anyone until completion. At that time an editor (a grown-up professional editor in a publishing house is what I have in mind) can be and usually is of real value in assisting a writer to stand away a bit and refocus. The best writer, even one with 20-20 vision, tends to get myopic in the presence of his own product, and I believe that few writers can dispense with an editor, meaning someone sound, literate, sensitive, tough, and grown up. The mind and spirit boggle at the idea of delivering a day's work into the hands of children. Any day's work is the delicate, tentative product of a writer's idea, his dream, and his skill at that time in realizing it. So much conscious and subconscious planning, pruning, altering, so much growing is required to make a book, that to subject it each day to the perhaps cursory, perhaps biased, certainly unripe judgment of children seems to me like pulling up the carrots to find out if they're thriving.

A FOURTH writer, a man, took the astonishing position that there is no such thing as a child anyway, there are only human beings of varying size and potential. And these human beings, whom he must imagine as whittled down adults, are capable of grasping any idea, responding to any theme, provided, he says, it is presented to them by a writer with "a supreme command of language." Presumably he means his own. For my part, I would reserve the description "supreme command of language" for a very few writers in all the history of literature. And I most definitely insist that there is a category of human being properly labeled "child." I further insist that there are facts, concepts, and ideologies totally beyond this person's grasp and completely outside his range of interest, no matter who is commanding the language.

This human being, this child, is enchanting, imaginative, flexible, sensitive, intelligent, responsive, lovable—one could go on and on with happy adjectives. This child is also, as anyone who has had even brief contact with him knows, a barbarian, an untutored, self-serving, limited creature without taste, compassion, or more than the rudiments of judgment, who must be taught, by his elders and betters, how to conduct himself with decency and civility in a complex, frustrating world.

BY elders and betters I do not imply that all adults are better, or even, except in a chronological sense, older than all children. But, broadly speaking, there is an advantage accruing to age. Something is gained through the days and the years, through being educated and taught disciplines of mind and body; through loving, and sometimes losing those you love; through learning to live, for the most part, as if life were good and mankind immortal. This accumulation of courage and experience and, sometimes, wisdom is what makes an adult, what distinguishes him from the child, what gives him his quality. The most charming, the most intelligent, the most potentially valuable child does not possess this quality.

This last writer also says that he deplores the "patronizing phrase, Writing for Children." I find it a useful and accurate expression for a real and sometimes exalting profession that concerns itself with a real person—the child.

I've tried to remember what the fifth writer said, but cannot. However, since one's own type of shop talk is always interesting, I have over the years read other accounts by and about authors of children's books. Many of them seem to feel that it would be a good idea to have a college degree and helpful to have been a librarian, a social worker, a teacher, a pediatrician. Quite a few suggest that it's as well to have children of one's own; this seems practical, but it is not always practicable. In some cases, none of the foregoing is.

Now, suppose you have a person who has not finished college, perhaps not gone to one at all. Suppose he, or she, has no children of his own. Suppose, to be extreme, he doesn't even like children. Can he still write for them?

I think he can.

Now I come to my own definition of what makes a children's book writer. Assuming a talent for writing, I think what is required is that one be an ex-child, with a genuine respect for the condition and a long memory.

There is a sort of memory that does not so much recall as re-experience. This is the writer's memory, and it must be especially keen in the writer for children. If he has it, he needn't eavesdrop or bake cookies or otherwise attempt to keep in touch with his "audience." The audience, the child, is within him. There is, we all know, a child in everyone. In many if not most cases that child has receded to the outposts of one's awareness, and probably this is all to the good. But where the children's-book writer is concerned, the child is an immediately available, always present being. I do not mean that such a writer *is* a child, in that distasteful sense meant by some people when they say "all men are just grown-up little boys." I mean that he always has this child with him.

I can give examples from myself. All of us remember how long it seemed, when we were children, between one birthday and the next, one Christmas and the next; how, if something glorious were going to happen on Friday and here it was only Tuesday, then Friday was simply never going to arrive. We remember it. But I find, and I imagine most children's-book writers find, that the feeling still persists. If winter comes, then spring is lost forever.

Or, again, when I see a child, especially a rebellious child, standing with his feet planted firmly, his head thrown back to eye the looming creature of authority before him, I can feel again, physically, the fury and despair of being smaller than my antagonist. The inferior stature of the child is part of his daily cup, along with other ingredients, some delicious and exhilarating, some bitter, but all sharply, intensely tasted.

The essence of childhood and youth, I think, is this intensity of the present experience. Time, taste, custom, fatigue, experience—more briefly, a sense of relativity—limit us at length so that we don't suffer (should I say rejoice in? I don't think so) these violent extremes of thought and feeling. We learn to judge, to evaluate, to measure, to restrain ourselves. This, again, is what makes us adults, and therefore able, if we try, to help children understand and cope with their situation, which is so like early man's where every thunderclap came as a threat, every night as the end, and all that mattered was to keep this particular ego and libido going somehow.

This child I have within me, with me, undergoes from time to time what might be called caveman reactions, and I sometimes suffer the consequences and sometimes rue them. Still, I wouldn't do without her, because she is my familiar, from a world I've lost but am still fascinated by.

Every writer writes as much for himself as for his readers, but some of us, it seems, are addressing not our present selves but some distant, unrelinquished part of ourselves, which part is a child.

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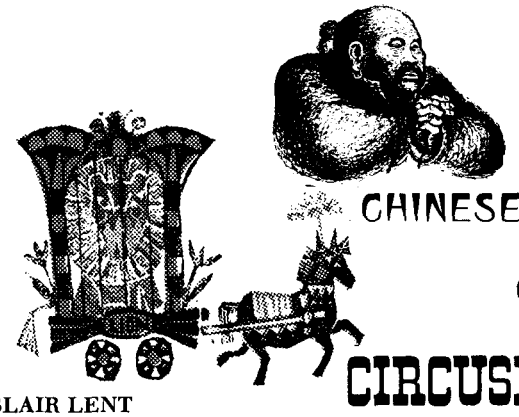
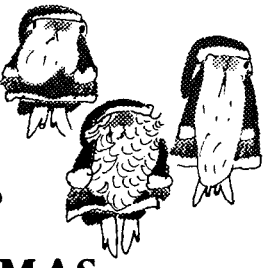


CHINESE PIRATES

CHRISTMAS

CIRCUSES



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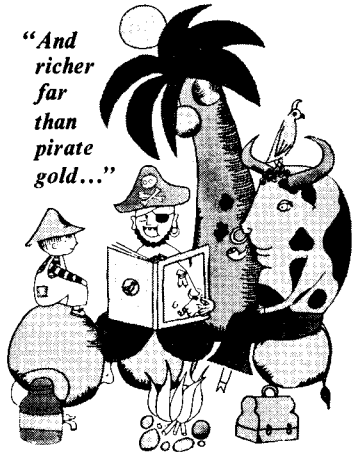

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DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York

Beautiful Image I See

By ALICE DALGLIESH

> The events of childhood do not pass but repeat themselves like seasons of the year. *—From the introduction to "Kaleidoscope."*

ELEANOR FARJEON's *Kaleidoscope* (Henry Z. Walck) is a reissue of a book published earlier in combination with other stories omitted in this edition. It is an unusual book, in which the author presents not her own childhood memories but those of a boy who was her friend. At the end the boy, now a man, comes back to his childhood home after long absence:

> The first things we knew must always be the most familiar, thought Anthony. They are the closest, the ones we have known longest. We walk away to other things in the distance, things that were once far off to us. Those first things never were far off and can never be left at a distance. We think we are walking away from them and wherever we go we carry them with us . . .

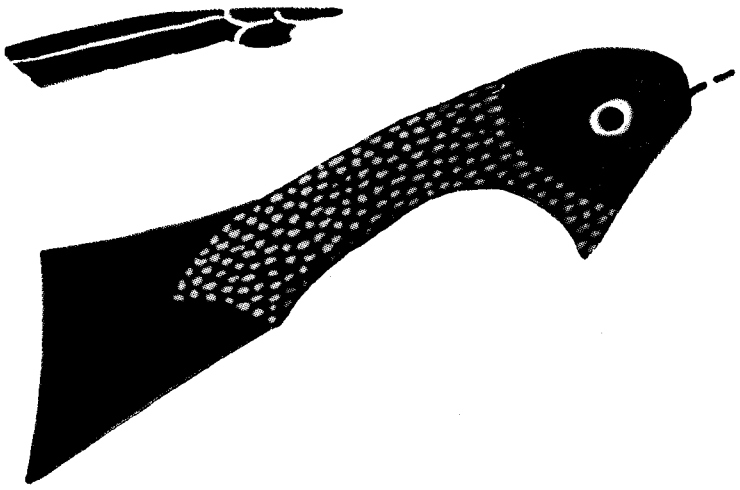
This book may interest some young people, but it has more to say to writers and to those interested in work with children. To adults, it seems to bring home the thought that even the first books of childhood should measure up to the very short title story "Kaleidoscope," in which the boy is given one of these toys for his birthday and his father explains the name to him:

> "It meant three things [said his father]: "Kalos, or beautiful; Eidos, or image; and Scopeo, I see. And there you had it, three in one, Kaleidoscope."
> "I see," said Anthony. "Beautiful image I see. Beautiful image I see."

He said the words over and over. They were a discovery.

Yet Anthony was not content only with the formal rearrangements of pattern; he dreamed of his own magic kaleidoscope, which would show him the world as only he could see it. So children's books should be chosen, with the thought that they show us the world as others have seen it, and part of it may remain in the reader's mind. The story may not be recalled in entirety, the pictures may vanish, but the feeling that the book evoked may remain.

Bright though the kaleidoscope of fall picture books may be, this is also a month shadowed by the date November 22. Reading the books about John Kennedy, one asks: "Is there really anything here that a family will want to keep?" The publishers of children's books have not rushed helter-skelter into books on this topic; they have been restrained; and the better volumes may



—From "Tico and the Golden Wings."

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come later. The events of last November are so clearly recorded in the minds of children old enough to share the experience on television that they scarcely need reminders.

However, there is one illustrated book for young people that leads them forward and will perhaps give them some perspective. It is *Walt Whitman's America,* a selection of poems and prose chosen and illustrated by James Daugherty (World, $3.95). First we have a group of poems about America, and then some of Whitman's prose writings about the country and about Lincoln. These include "I See the President Almost Every Day," and the dramatic presentation of Lincoln's assassination, giving young people of today a clear link with the past and some images worth recording in the memory.

There seems to be a great affinity between Walt Whitman's writing and James Daugherty's pictures; and, indeed, Mr. Daugherty tells us that when he was a young art student in love with London, it was the discovery of Whitman's poems that made him want to return to America. "*Leaves of Grass* got under my skin. I must return to my country at once and forever."

Picture Books

Tico and the Golden Wings. *By Leo Lionni. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Each book by Leo Lionni is a surprise. This time he has been to India, and the jacket flap states that *Tico* was influenced by "the stylized design, the richness of color, the geometric patterns of the art of that country." All this sounds impressive if cold; but the story is simply told and charming, with clearly defined pictures. Children will take the hopes and wishes of the little bird born without wings to their hearts; and be glad that when he does get the golden wings he gives a feather—a part of himself—each time he does a kind deed. They will understand the ending: "We are all different. Each has his own memories and his invisible golden dreams." A lovely book, and one that cannot but leave a lasting impression. Ages 5-8.

Whistle for Willie. *By Ezra Jack Keats. Viking.* 34 *pp.* $3.50. A companion to *A Snowy Day,* this has a different but equal charm (it obviously takes place on a hot summer day). We are delighted to see Peter again. Now he wants to whistle so that he can call his dog, and he tries everything, whirling around faster and faster (remarkable pictures with everything turned down . . . and up . . .). Willie, the dog, comes by and just walks on. Peter keeps trying, even putting on his father's hat and hiding under an empty carton. At last he whistled. Willie raced to him and Peter went home to show off his new accomplishment. Then he and Willie went on an errand to the grocery store "and [Peter] whistled all the way there and he whistled all the way home."

Just enough story for a beginning listener,

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EDDIE'S GREEN THUMB **CAROLYN HAYWOOD** "No one writing for young children today is closer to them in spirit or understanding. In this 25th anniversary story we find her touch as sure, her humor as contagious as ever."*—Chicago Tribune. Illus. by the author. Ages 8-12. $3.50*

THE NICKEL-PLATED BEAUTY **PATRICIA BEATTY** Seven children scrounge the price of a new stove in Washington Territory in 1886. "The earning-money-for-a-good-cause theme is given fresh, amusing treatment."*—The Horn Book. Illus. by Liz Dauber. Ages 10-14. $3.25*

THE DARK ROSALEEN **CAROLE BOLTON** "Deals sympathetically with a girl's problems in handling a boy whose background is quite different from hers. Easy dialogue, touches of humor, and the New York setting make this realistic and appealing."*—Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 up. $3.25*

THE COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS **MILLICENT E. SELSAM** "The role and goal of courtships are described in brisk detail that has all the lure of the odd fact as well as the basics of biology and psychology."*—Virginia Kirkus. Illus. by John Kaufmann. Ages 10-14. $2.95*

CLASSMATES BY REQUEST **HILA COLMAN** Two teen-age girls experience subtle human problems when their typical Northern high school is integrated. "Realistic portrayal of the reactions and emotions involved."*—Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 up. $3.25*

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COMMUNISM, An American's View **GERALD W. JOHNSON** "An excellent and much-needed history. An important and hopeful book that places great faith in freedom of the mind." *—The Horn Book. Illus. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Ages 10 up. $3.50*

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JENNY KIMURA **BETTY CAVANNA** A half-Japanese girl visits her American grandmother for the first time. "Brings out the similarities as well as the distinctions between the two cultures."*—Virginia Kirkus. Ages 12 up. $3.25*

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

who will soon be reading it himself. If he has *A Snowy Day* along with it, he will not easily forget Peter. Ages 4-6.

Teddy. *By Grete Janus. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin.* **What Anna Saw.** *By Inge and Lasse Sandberg. Pictures by Olle Montelius.* **Micky and Molly.** *By Hans Peterson. Pictures by Olle Montelius. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 32 pp. each.* $1.50 *each.* The Scandinavian countries are thinking about their two-year-olds, and their approach is infinitely more simple than ours. They do not look out of the corners of their eyes to see if parents of tiny children are having a good time; they write for the children. Two of these books are Swedish and one Danish. What a marvel it is that a Danish child psychologist can write a book as simple and childlike as *Teddy;* and the pictures are clear and bright, the objects uncluttered—even very little children can point them out and name them. Two of Sweden's most popular writers for children have taken the time to do the other books; one, *Anna,* is even an open door to fantasy. All are open doors to reading. Ages 18 months to 2 years (*Teddy*); 2-3 years for the other two.

Pavo and the Princess. *Written and illustrated by Evaline Ness. Scribners. 32 pp.* $3.25. Phoebe, the Princess, looks as though she had just stepped out of a Spanish painting. Her decorative surroundings are also suggestive of Spain, though the setting is an imaginary country. But neither she nor Pavo the peacock knew how to cry; their hearts were hard as stone. When Phoebe's father gave her Pavo as her own, the Princess delighted in teasing him and tying up his beautiful train with ribbons.

How they both learned to cry, and sometimes cried just for the fun of it, is the story. This picture book is one of the most beautiful of the season, both in color and design. Ages 4-8.

Baby Elephant's Baby Book. *By Sesyle Joslin. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt, Brace & World. 48 pp.* $2.50. Baby Elephant is such a charming personality that there really should be another story about him this year, but we must be content with his baby book. It's a funny spoof on baby books, though, and children who have seen their own will appreciate it. Perhaps it would be amusing to the mother of a new baby, after, not before the child's arrival; it all depends on her sense of humor. The book ends when our hero, aged five, triumphantly plays Peter Rabbit in the school play.

The Mitten. *Retold by Alvin Tresselt. Illustrations by Yaroslava. Adapted from the version by E. Rachev. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 32 pp.* $2.95. A gay book with its winter scenes and peasant designs. A mitten, lost by a small boy in the snow, stretches and stretches as the little animals struggle to get in. It manages to accommodate the bear, but goes to pieces when the cricket tries to find a space.

This seems to be the Ukrainian version of a Russian folk tale (or perhaps it is the other way round), in which each animal asks who lives in the jar that falls off a peasant's cart, and there is a delightful rhythmic conversation. This is known as "Mr. Bear-Squash-You-All-Flat" in Valery Carrick's *Russian Picture Tales.* The addition of color pictures makes this version delightful. Ages: picture-book age (4-6?).

May I Bring a Friend? *By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Illustrated by Beni Montresor. Atheneum 42 pp.* $3.50.

"I told the Queen/ And the Queen told the King/ I had a friend/I wanted to bring." (He had been invited to tea.)

"The King told the Queen/'My dear, my dear/any friend of our friend is welcome here.'"

Each time, as the little boy comes to tea, the King and Queen greet him and his friends —a giraffe, a bright red hippopotamus, monkeys—with unruffled aplomb. At the end the King and Queen go to tea with the boy and his friends at the zoo.

We are accustomed by now to Beni Montresor's unusual color combinations, but these seem to me less pleasant than those in some previous books. This may be an individual reaction. Ages 3-5.

Fortunately. *Written and illustrated by Remy Charlip. Parents' Magazine Press. 42 pp.* $2.95. When we are reading picture books to children, or they are reading them, sometimes the transition from color pages to alternate black-and-white ones is bothersome. Remy Charlip has certainly solved the problem in *Fortunately,* for the "good luck" pages are in full color while the black-and-white ones are the cliff-hangers. And they really are cliff-hangers, for Ned borrows an airplane to go to a birthday party in Florida and almost everything one can think of happens to him on the way. The birthday party seems almost an anticlimax, but children can continue the story if they wish, thinking up more "fortunate" and "unfortunate" adventures for the hero. Ages 4-8.

Veronica's Smile. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. 32 pp.* $3. Veronica, Roger Duvoisin's friendly hippopotamus, is friendlier than ever in this picture book. At the beginning of the story Veronica is bored, as a hippo might well be on a farm. However, she finds she has a talent and a place in life, for when a small animal is escaping from a predator all Veronica has to do is open her mouth wide. Let us hasten to add that she "smiles" again, and the animal makes a safe exit. Ages 5-9.

—*From "The Mitten."*

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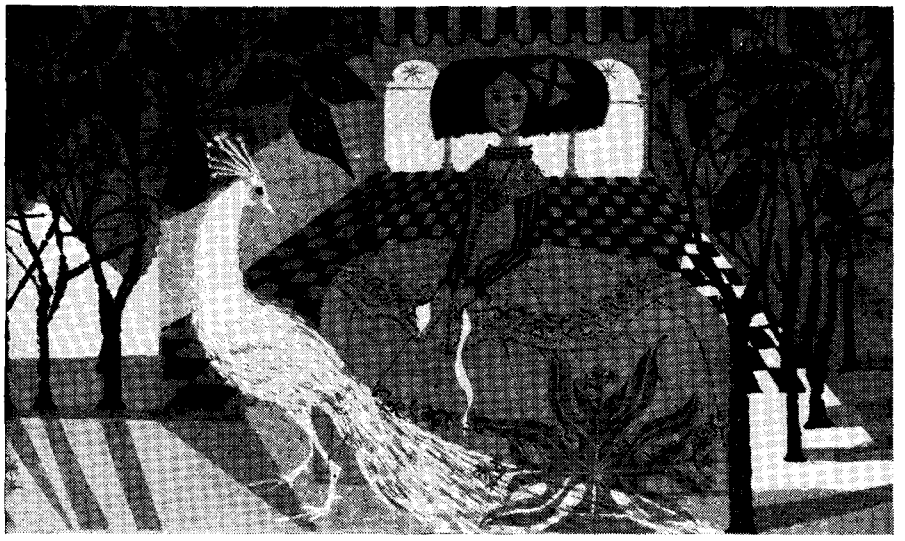

—From "Pavo and the Princess."

You Know Who. *By John Ciardi. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Lippincott.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. All regular readers of *SR* know that John Ciardi has three children, Myra, Benn, and Jonnel, and that he has fun poking affectionate fun at them, appreciating them, and playing with them—all in poems. This book undoubtedly belongs mostly to them, though other parents and children will enjoy sharing the verses. No age level given.

See Again Say Again. *Woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. "As a father, I want my children to know and to understand that today many languages are spoken in our own back yard and to realize that a foreign language is not alien any more."

This is a long-term-goal; and fewer books in other languages are appearing than did in the first flurry of excitement over them. Mr. Frasconi's first book, *See and Say,* was a success, and this one, with its brilliantly colored woodcuts and words in English, Italian, French, and Spanish, will be sure to have wide appeal. The phonetic pronunciation of the words is given. As in the first book, articles indicating gender are not included. The words are in groups, beginning with four handsome double-page spreads for the seasons, and continuing with objects familiar to the child.

The Cat and the Devil. *By James Joyce. Illustrated by Richard Erdoes. Dodd, Mead.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. How amazing to have a children's book written by James Joyce—but was it? No, not as a book, but as a letter to his grandson. It tells an amusing legend of a bridge in Beaugency and how the Lord Mayor tried to outwit the devil, who awaited the first creature to cross. The Mayor approached with a cat and a bucket of water (to speed the crossing). "When the Lord Mayor came to the head of the bridge every man held his breath and every woman held her tongue."

Bits of humor here and there, and a story that must have amused "Stevie" and will probably amuse many other children. The toy-like illustrations seem a little out of key, but they keep the entertaining quality of the story. The devil himself is more realistic, and on occasion "as angry as the devil." Ages 6-9.

The Cat in the Hat Beginner Book Dictionary. *By the Cat Himself and P. D. Eastman. Random House.* 134 *pp.* $2.95. Admirers of *The Cat in the Hat* will welcome this amusing dictionary of the thousand or so words a child must know to read it. It is all in color, all in cartoons, and has a method all its own for presenting such "difficult" words as "after," "before," "beside," etc., as well as the tenses of verbs, which are presented quite painlessly. Characters in the pictures reappear through the book; my favorite is "Aunt Agatha," a sprightly and amazingly versatile lady. The dictionary is also, and naturally, quite skilfully geared to Beginner Books. Ages 6-9.

Mr. Blue. *By Margaret Embry. Pictures by Brinton Noble. Holiday House.* 72 *pp.* $2.75. Every once in a while a book comes along that is set entirely in a schoolroom, and which, within its naturally small confine, is amusing, especially to children, and understandingly realistic in its presentation of them.

The children in this book (third or fourth grade) are adopted by Mr. Blue, a cat with an endearing way of seeming to say certain words ("Nwhy?") and a less endearing way of reaching out suddenly to grab a startled teacher by the ankle. The problem of Mr. Blue as a classroom cat has to be solved—and is. Brinton Noble's pictures help the fun. Ages 7-9.

—From "The Harper Book of Princes."

Scribners
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PAVO AND THE PRINCESS. Illustrated by the author. Phoebe's hard heart is touched by a prize peacock.
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Edited by WILLIAM COLE. *Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer.* "In these poems is the naughtiest crew of pre-adults ever assembled . . . to gladden the hearts of children."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 9 up / $3.75

Walt Whitman's America

Edited and illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY. "One of the best introductions to Walt Whitman's [poetry and prose] for young readers that has so far been published. . . . Magnificent drawings."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Ages 12 up / $3.95

Beyond the Sugar Cane Field

UNICEF IN ASIA

By LOUISA R. SHOTWELL, author of *Roosevelt Grady,* A.L.A. Notable Book of 1963. *Illustrated with photographs.* Delightful vignettes of Asia's children, based on the author's personal observation of UNICEF at work. Ages 9-12 / $3.50

Omen of the Birds

By HARRY BEHN, author of *The Faraway Lurs,* A.L.A. Notable Book of 1963. The Etruscans come vividly to life in this exquisitely written novel about Caele, the boy who became Tarquin, semilegendary King of Rome. Ages 12 up / $3.50

Digs and Diggers

A BOOK OF WORLD ARCHAEOLOGY

By LEONARD COTTRELL. *32 pages of photographs.* A renowned authority presents archaeology's major discoveries and the men and methods behind them. Ages 12 up / $4.95

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The World Publishing Company

CLEVELAND and NEW YORK

Middle Group (8 or 9 to 12)

Aesop's Fables. *Retold by Anne Terry White. Illustrated by Helen Siegl. Random House.* 78 *pp.* $2.95. These age-old fables are told in a cozy, modern style ("Milkmaid Sally was on her way to market" . . . "How cute twenty little chicks will be . . ." "'My dear, how are you?' said the Country Mouse. She kissed her cousin the City Mouse.") Sometimes it is a little over-cozy, but at least it will put the fables within the comprehension of many present-day children. The illustrations, in two colors, are interesting woodcuts. Ages 7-10.

Snow White and Rose Red. *By the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. I cannot help feeling that Jacob and Wilhelm would have been delighted with this companion piece to *The Shoemaker and the Elves.* In fact, Wilhelm might have taken it upstairs to the children's room when he went to tell them stories. This romantic tale, with its red and white rosebushes and its great shaggy bear turning at last into a prince dressed all in gold, was one of my great favorites as a child. It has enough wonder and action to please any child without being as "scary" as some Grimm tales. See the picture with the wicked dwarf being carried off by the eagle—that's drama enough. The smooth translation is by Wayne Andrews, who also translated *The Shoemaker.* Ages 6-10.

Captain Boldheart and The Magic Fishbone. *Two comedies by Charles Dickens. Pictures by Hilary Knight. Macmillan.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. When Charles Dickens told stories to his ten children they were free-wheeling ones, with uninhibited humor and adventure. (He kept an eye on grown-ups, too.) Hilary Knight has made equally free-wheeling pictures for the two stories given here. Mary McCarthy has written a preface, which is informative but sometimes talks down a little, as adult writers often do in the present rush of preface-writing. This one tells what Dickens's novels did for children and their families. Ages not given (children over 8?).

The Ring. *With musical themes by Richard Wagner. Adapted by John Updike. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Knopf.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. This is the sixth in the music series by Warren Chappell, the others being *Hansel and Gretel, Peter and the Wolf, The Sleeping Beauty, The Nutcracker,* and *The*

—From "Captain Boldheart and The Magic Fishbone."

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Siegfried

—From the "Ring."

Magic Flute. In presenting the tremendous Ring cycle, author and artist have been wise in concentrating mainly on the Siegfried legend, the age-old story of love and hate. Simplified musical themes from the operas are included; the atmosphere is somber, as it should be; but the bright blue end papers with the singing bird seem a little out of key. All ages (but not young children).

The Harper Book of Princes. *Selected by Sally Patrick Johnson. Pictures by Janina Domanska. Harper & Row.* 330 *pp.* $4.95. A companion to *The Harper Book of Princesses,* this one is also handsome but not quite equal to the first volume. However, it will be useful for providing some well-known stories and some others that children might not find for themselves, though it may appeal more to girls than to boys. The modern attitude toward princes is perhaps summed up in the quotation from Woodrow Wilson which appears in the front: "The princes among us are those who forget themselves and serve mankind."

Some of the stories, including one by A. A. Milne and one by Suzanne Langer, are comparatively modern; some are tongue-in-cheek. All ages(?).

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. *By Roald Dahl. Illustrated by Joseph Schindelman. Knopf.* 162 *pp.* $3.95. An offbeat fantasy that may be many things to many readers. On the surface it recounts a fascinating visit by Charlie and "four nasty children" to a chocolate factory, where all kinds of strange things happen and extraordinary machines are at work. It is also a somewhat sadistic cautionary tale, for unpleasant adventures befall the "four nasty children."

The factory is run by undersized pygmies called Oompa-Loompas (slaves of the machine?). One of their work songs is about a gum-chewer who came to a bad end. Just before this we meet "the great gum-chewing machine," which produces a little flat stick of gum that is a three course meal. Let's hope no machine ever makes one!

This is one of those books listed "for all ages," which means families can read it aloud, and its humor is on two levels. The pictures are lively.

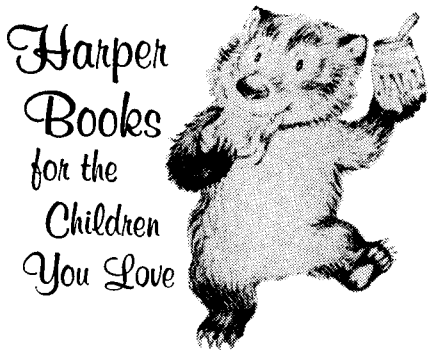
Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang, the Magical Car. *By Ian Fleming. Illustrated by John Burningham. Random House.* 114 *pp.* $3.50. Children who sometimes complain that their mystery stories are too tame can throw this idea aside as they read this one. Ian Fleming must have had fun writing his uninhibited fantasy in which children set out adventuring in an old car that can, when necessary, take either to the air or to the water. Caves, gangsters, everything. It is sad that Fleming's first children's book is also his last.

The Life and Words of John F. Kennedy. *By James Playstead Wood and the editors of Country Beautiful Magazine. Country Beautiful Foundation, Inc.* 82 *pp.* $3.95. A fairly satisfactory book with many good photographs inside, but with a jacket and cover that make it look like a magazine. It somewhat resembles a family album (as it admits to being) because it has several pictures on a page with inserted quotes; but it is useful and sometimes quite frank about its subject—we see the politician as well as the President. Good taste is shown in the limited number of funeral pictures at the end—here the text stops short and captions and pictures finish the story. Various ages.

The Alley. *By Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 283 *pp.* $3.50. Here is an event: children who are not *The Moffats* but are every bit as real as that memorable family. This time the scene is a small alley with twenty-seven houses on the campus of Grandby College in Brooklyn. The children and grown-ups of the Alley are carefully individualized as in Mrs. Estes's other books, and even the last of the elevated trains, on nearby Myrtle Avenue, is almost a personality. The leading characters are Connie, a child who loves reading and even reads to her mother while she is washing the dishes, and Billy, Connie's best friend.

The book is leisurely in establishing characters and scene, and the crucial events, the burglaries in Connie's house and Billy's, take place in chapter 6. After that, the Alley is bursting with young sleuths trying to solve the crime and even holding a mock court. Here we have a memorable picture of children who have learned a lot about such things from the movies. At the end the crime is solved. For good readers, but a *real* book. Ages 8-12.

—From "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory."



BREAD AND JAM FOR FRANCES
By **RUSSELL HOBAN,** *pictures by* **LILLIAN HOBAN.** The beloved little badger heroine discovers that variety is better than too much of a good thing. "Rings true for all fathers and mothers . . . just might do the reforming trick." — *Book Week*
$2.50. $2.57* Ages 4-8

SEESAW
By **JOAN KAHN,** *pictures by* **CROSBY BONSALL.** She saw what he saw and he saw what she saw as they went up and down on the seesaw. "Rhythmic sing-song verse that children will enjoy chanting." — *Book Week* **$1.95. $2.19* Ages 3-6**

WHERE'S WALLACE?
By **HILARY KNIGHT,** *pictures in two colors and 12 full-color panoramas by the author.* Anything can happen (and does) when a clever orangutan leaves the zoo to see the world. "Both children and adults will pore over this with great pleasure." —*Publishers' Weekly* **$3.50. $3.47* Ages 4-8**

HARRIET THE SPY
By **LOUISE FITZHUGH,** *pictures by the author.* Determined to be a great writer, Harriet fills her notebook with utterly honest jottings about everyone she knows — until the day her classmates discover what she's been doing. "Wonderfully funny, touching, and original." — *Phyllis McGinley* **$3.95. $3.99* Ages 10 up**

THE LION IN THE GATEWAY
By **MARY RENAULT.** The author of THE BULL FROM THE SEA tells of the heroic battles of the Greeks and Persians at Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylae. "Children deserve the best, and they have it here in full measure." — *N. Y. Times Book Review. Pictures by* **C. WALTER HODGES.** A Breakthrough Book, edited by Walter Lord.
$2.95. $2.92* Ages 10 up

A LOVE, OR A SEASON
By **MARY STOLZ.** A candid, realistic story of the blooming of love between a boy and girl who have known each other since childhood. "Not a new theme or an easy one to handle, but Mrs. Stolz does it with perfect fusion of penetrating eye and fine, fluid style." —** *Library Journal*
$3.95. $3.79* Ages 14 up

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JOHN CIARDI
SAYS:

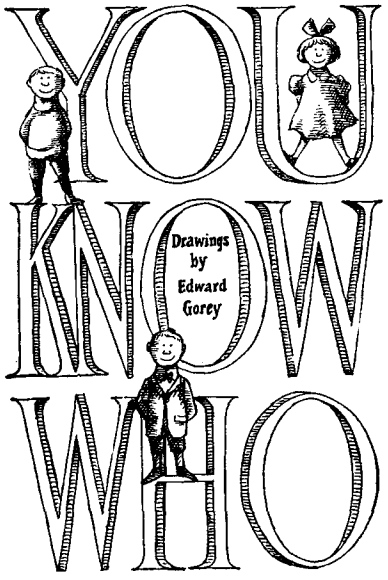
Someone I know was very proud
But all he was proud of
was being LOUD . . .

★ ★ ★

SOMEONE ABOUT AS BIG AS A BUMP
SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST
ALL A-SLUMP

★ ★ ★

Someone I know had a helping hand.
He was helping himself
to beat the band . . .



The new book of verse for twinkle-children by the Poetry Editor of the *Saturday Review*

JOHN CIARDI

Here are verses about non-go-to-bedders, know-it-alls, cross-patches, slug-a-beds, didn't-washers, knee skinners, cookie bandits, that you *and* your children will recognize in a flash. Humorously depicted by Edward Gorey, they romp through the pages of John Ciardi's new book of verses that children will listen to with special delight, and soon enjoy reading to themselves.

At all bookstores • $3.50

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Philadelphia / New York

Older Group (10 or 12—14)

The First Book Edition of John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address. *Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Franklin Watts.* 42 *pp.* $2.65. John Ciardi recently suggested that John Kennedy's words "Ask not what your country can do for you . . ." already being lavishly used in isolation, be given in their context so that they might have true meaning. The present book gives the whole address as it was delivered. It is a dignified edition for schools and those who wish a permanent record. However, the pictures, heavy with black, as scratchboard treatments often are, relentlessly freeze the life and energy that characterized the late President. Neither of the portraits is good, and we could have done without the pictured coffin captioned by the famous phrase. Various ages (over 10).

Martin Luther King: The Peaceful Warrior. *By Ed Clayton. Illustrations by David Hodges. Prentice-Hall.* 80 *pp.* $3.25. While this review was being written the announcement was made that Dr. King had won the Nobel Peace Prize, an honor he well deserves and one that should be a source of pride to all Americans. This calls for a close look at the "official children's biography," one in a series called, for no reason known to me, "Junior Research Books." Its author is public relations director of the Southern Christian Leaders' Conference, which means that it is almost wholly adulatory. Pictures point up certain incidents for which undoubtedly no photographs exist. The lack of a meaningful photograph is most felt in connection with the March on Washington. Too little emphasis is placed on Dr. King's speech.

A useful book for all children, it nevertheless makes us feel the need for another biography, more fully worked out and less episodic. There is, of course, Dr. King's own book for adults and young people. Ages 9-12.

Following Columbus: The Voyage of the Niña II. *By Robert F. Marx. Illustrated with photographs. World.* 80 *pp.* $3.50. It is hard to believe that the original *Niña* was quite so small; and, in fact, she wasn't —the modern builders made a miscalculation. How her seemingly inexpert and naïve crew made it across the Atlantic (they almost didn't) remains a mystery. (The Mayflower II was not only bigger but had a seasoned master in Alan Villiers.)

Boys who enjoy seafaring books will probably like this one, though the writing is not outstanding and the voyage of the first *Niña* was actually more exciting. But the story has its moments: imagine a thirty-five-foot whale that slept under the ship and rocked it with its breathing. And the difficulties with food and water show what the crews of earlier days were up against. (Ages 10 up.)

Black Hearts in Battersea. *By Joan Aiken. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Doubleday.* 240 *pp.* $3.50. Many readers will remember *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* from last year—indeed, it is possible that more adults than children read it, since it was a spoof on nineteenth-century melodrama though set in an earlier period.

The present book is the story of Simon, who rescued the little girls in the earlier book. Here he goes to London and is the center of a series of amazing and uninhibited adventures. The use of Battersea talk or dialect or whatever you like to call it somewhat slows up the book for young readers; at times I needed a glossary myself. But there is plenty of action, both in pictures and text, to keep things moving. All ages. (10 up?)

Jenny Kimura. *By Betty Cavanna. Morrow.* 217 *pp.* $3.25. The heroine of this story is a half-Japanese girl who comes to visit her grandmother in the United States. We see her reception through her own eyes. While it seems a little incredible that her grandmother could be so unbending, nothing is impossible in an America that still has many prejudices. The raised eyebrows when Jenny wears the traditional kimono at her wedding is probably true to life in certain parts of the country. A pleasant and readable story. Ages 12 up.

The New Noah. *By Gerald Durrell. Illustrated by Ralph Thompson. Viking.* 224 *pp.* $3.50. Every year there are a few excellent animal books, though not too many on the

—From "The Namesake."

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level of *Elsa*. (Interestingly enough, among the books sent by our government to underdeveloped countries *Elsa* was one of the outstanding favorites.)

In *The New Noah* Mr. Durrell, who is an animal collector for zoos, tells about the unusual creatures he captured on three expeditions. Each had its own problems as to feeding and care in captivity, and many of them were individualized and given names by their captors. No age level (10 up ?).

The Namesake: A Story of King Alfred. *By C. Walter Hodges. Illustrated by the author. Coward-McCann.* 270 *pp.* $3.95. Mr. Hodges illustrates more books than he writes; but when he does write we get a fine historical novel for young people. The reign of Alfred the Great is somewhat obscured by the mists of time, but is perhaps best summed up by the inscription on the statue erected at his birthplace: *Alfred found learning dead and he restored it; the laws powerless and he gave them force; the church debased and he raised it; the land ravaged by a fearful enemy from which he delivered it. Alfred's name shall live as long as mankind shall respect the past.*

In this book Alfred is busy leading Saxons against Danes, but we get glimpses of other parts of his nature through a narrative by his one-legged scribe. And certain passages, even if inspired by the author's hindsight, stay with the reader. A Dane, Guthorn, tells Alfred: " 'The blood red battlefield is the pathway to Valhalla . . . That is why our young men seek the battle so eagerly. This is what has made us strong. This in the end will make us masters of the world.'

'And what will you do in the world when you have mastered it?' asked the King. 'Will you not then try to live and keep it in peace while you can? Or is Valhalla all you fight for?' "

Excellent pictures. Ages 12 up.

Caesar. *By the editors of Horizon magazine. Author: Irwin Isenberg. Consultant: Richard M. Haywood, Professor of Classics, New York University. Illustrated with photographs of sculpture, mosaics and artifacts of the period. American Heritage.* 52 *pp. Distributed by Harper & Row.* $3.95. The editors say: "Heroism on the magnificent scale of Caesar went out of fashion with the coming of the modern world and may indeed never return." But why call driving ambition for conquest "heroism" at all? Caesar we need to know, but not necessarily without a feeling of satisfaction when a picture shows a Gaul defending his home, or the text tells of "the fiasco in Britain." The pictures, as always in these books, will be useful, especially to young students of history, and, in this case, Latin. Ages: junior high school level.

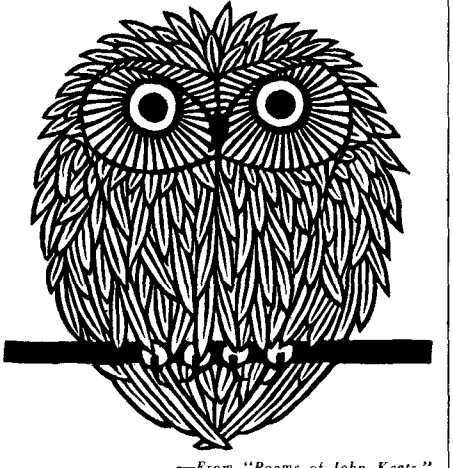
A Love or a Season. *By Mary Stolz. Harper & Row.* 260 *pp.* $3.95. The increasing maturity of young people—and the adult recognition of it—have made it possible to reissue for them this touching, realistic love story, which some years ago was published as part of an adult novel. It has since been largely rewritten.

The plot is uncomplicated. Nan Gunning and Harry Lynch, who have known each other since childhood, fall in love the summer Nan is sixteen. The anxieties and mistrust of parents concerning very young love and where it is going are true to life. Harry, the stronger and older of the two, feels he has to control the situation for both of them, while Nan is willing to give herself up to love. At the end we are not sure whether or not this is a time when they will "bow and accept the end, of a love or a season" (Robert Frost).

I have always deplored the immaturity of girls' books. We should welcome this thoughtful treatment of young love. Ages 14 up.

Tituba of Salem Village. *By Ann Petry. Crowell.* 254 *pp.* $3.75. One of the strongest books of the year, and the best one about witchcraft that has yet been written for young people. The story centers around a Negro slave from Barbados. The first chapter is memorable: Tituba and her husband John are sold by their mistress, and so forced to leave the warm sunny island to go with a Puritan minister to Boston. In American historical records Tituba appears as "Tituba Indian"; she and John were given this surname because they were "West Indians."

After the arrival at Boston fate takes Tituba and her husband, with the minister and his family, to Salem. The steps that lead to the accusation of witchcraft against Tituba and others are built up skilfully and inexorably; the author is never carried away by emotion but is always in full control of her narrative. The reader, however, watches with a feeling of impotence as hysteria builds up among the young girls and the



—*From "Poems of John Keats."*

adults of Salem. Then the trials, fully documented, begin. Tituba is one of those from whom a confession is extorted, but she later retracts it. At the end, a note reassures us about her ultimate fate; by this time we have become completely identified with her —we *must* know. Ages 12-16.

The Long Escape. *By Irving Werstein. Scribners.* 189 *pp.* $3.50. It is only now, with the perspective of time, that World War II stories, especially those of escape from the Nazi invaders, really stand a chance to be read. This one is grimly realistic; its intention is to show the horrors of war and the heroism of individuals who went through great dangers to help others.

Justine Raymond, director of a convales-

Books to remember

BABY ELEPHANT'S BABY BOOK

by Sesyle Joslin; illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Baby Elephant's first five years delightfully recorded in his "baby book." Ages 3-6. $2.50

SEE AGAIN, SAY AGAIN

Written and illustrated by Antonio Frasconi. Four-color woodcuts of familiar objects, with the English, Italian, French, and Spanish word for each. Ages 4 up. $3.25

LA PETITE FAMILLE

by Sesyle Joslin; illustrated by John Alcorn. Four stunningly illustrated episodes, in French only, introduce children to the language. Ages 5-9. $3.25

MY FRIEND CHARLIE

Written and illustrated by James Flora. Twelve funny and zany episodes about a small boy and his best friend. Ages 6-9. $2.75

THE NO-NAME MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

by William O. Steele; illustrated by Jack Davis. A hilarious tall tale about three brothers in Tennessee. Ages 6-10. $2.95

THE SHOE BIRD

by Eudora Welty; illustrated by Beth Krush. A gay fantasy about a parrot who holds Open House—by a well-known novelist. Ages 8-12. $3.50

THE ALLEY

by Eleanor Estes; illustrated by Edward Ardizonne. A Newbery Award winning author tells of ten-year-old Connie and her best friend who take up sleuthing. Ages 8-12. $3.50

LOTTE'S LOCKET

by Virginia Sorensen; illustrated by Fermin Rocker. A moving story of a small Danish girl who resents her mother's remarriage, by a Newbery Award medalist. Ages 9-12. $3.50

AN ENEMY AT GREEN KNOWE

by L. M. Boston; illustrated by Peter Boston. Tolly and his Chinese friend become involved in black magic in a memorable companion volume to *A Stranger at Green Knowe.* Ages 9-12. $3.25

UNDER A CHANGING MOON

by Margot Benary-Isbert; translated by Rosaleen Ockenden and the author. A vivid story of a German girl in 1866. Ages 12 up. $3.75

Illustration from *La Petite Famille*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

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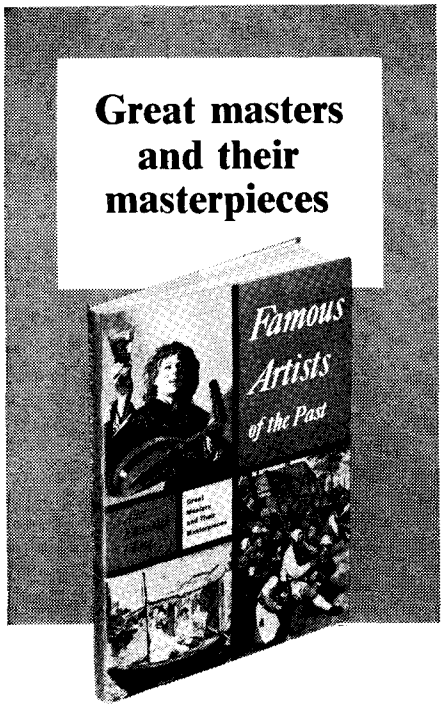

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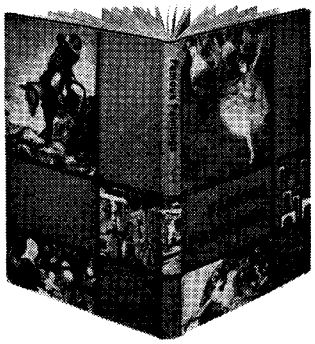

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cent home for children, does not know, because the home is on the coast, that war has come to Belgium. Suddenly it is there; and Justine, almost alone, has to guide fifty children to Dunkerque and possible escape to England. The author writes with intense immediacy. We scarcely have time to become concerned for the characters, and they are concerned only with escaping—that is the way it was.

On arriving at the coast Justine finds the boat leaving, and only other acts of individual heroism save the children. Ages 12-16.

Poems of William Blake. *Selected by Amelia H. Munson. Illustrations by William Blake.* 150 *pp.*
Poems of John Keats. *Selected by Stanley Kunitz. Woodcuts by J. Hnizdovsky.* 150 *pp.*
Poems by Robert Browning. *Selected by Rosemary Sprague. Drawings by Robert Galster.* 152 *pp.*
Poems of Walt Whitman. *Selected by Lawrence Clark Powell. Woodcuts by John Ross and Clare Romano Ross.* 170 *pp. Crowell.* $2.95 *each.* These four volumes bring to nine the excellent series of selections from the major poets under the editorship of Lillian Morrison. The Whitman collection is quite different from the volume illustrated by James Daugherty, which contains prose selections as well as poems and is obviously for a somewhat younger audience. Each of these books has a foreword by its editor.

The Pushcart War. *By Jean Merrill. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. William R. Scott.* 222 *pp.* $3.95. There seems to be a controversy among librarians about this story of a war between the pushcarts and the trucks in 1976. Some think it exceedingly clever, and one compares it to *Gulliver's Travels*; others find it "too regional" (New York books have had for years to stand up to this attitude).

It is a clever story, though some of the humor seems labored and I myself feel that the satire goes too far for children, including a pompous "introduction" and footnotes. Some children will read it without getting all the fine points or considering it a satire on the mechanized age or urban renewal or whatever you wish. If the book does not always get across, it is not because of the New York setting but because of these subtleties. *Gulliver* has been accepted by children not as a satire but as a rip-snorting adventure story. *The Pushcart War* will in time find its own appeal, its own admirers.

Planning Our Town: An Introduction to City and Regional Planning. *By Martha E. Munzer. Illustrated with photographs. Knopf.* 160 *pp.* $3.95. "The bulldozers came, the trees were felled, the slopes leveled, for it is easier and cheaper to 'develop' a flattened, devastated landscape. And we, the good citizens of Our Town, and hundreds of other towns, let it happen."

No young person growing up today should be without this book and others like it, for theirs will be the problems of new towns and cities, the rebuilding of old ones, air and water pollution, the use of open spaces. The author, a graduate of MIT and an associate of the Conservation Foundation, is well qualified to present this material, which has no true "age level." The photographs are excellent, clear and well-chosen to illuminate the points made in the book. Two of the most effective are on the same page—Philadelphia before and after—showing how one of our most important national monuments, Independence Hall, was given its present imposing setting.

At the end, the universities giving "Education for the Planning Professions" are listed; there is a full though selective reading list and an index. Ages 12 up.

American Houses: Colonial, Classic and Contemporary. *By Edwin Hoag. Illustrated with photographs. Lippincott.* 160 *pp.* $4.95. A most interesting book with excellent photographs, this should appeal to young people both in and out of school. It is a good reference to consult before touring the country, or as a companion on the trip.

The author shows different types of houses throughout the centuries, and demonstrates why a particular style developed when and where it did. If the myth of the early log cabin has not been thoroughly disposed of by now, no one will be left in doubt after this. Some of the Victorian gingerbread houses are fascinating, and so are the houses of the future, in a somewhat cold way.

Buried Cities. *Revised Edition. By Jennie Hall. Illustrated with photographs. Macmillan.* 116 *pp.* $3. This publishing house has some superb and long-lived books on its backlist, and it is good to see this one, which has been through twenty-two editions, in a revision. Full of interest for young people who like archeology, it gives the story of several ancient cities that have been uncovered. Ages 10-14.

Roofs of Gold. *Poems to read aloud, compiled and with an introduction by Padraic Colum. Macmillan.* 180 *pp.* $3.95. Mr. Colum has made a fine collection of poems, mostly traditional but including a few modern ones. A library or school that has many anthologies in its collection may want to think this one over, but for a home that does not have many of the old poems it should be welcome. Ages 12-16.

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On the Fringe

Continued from page 25

children's book. Do please say that.

"Certain people have said about *Mary Poppins* that it means the miracle behind everyday life. I don't know what it means. There is a Zen saying: 'How marvelous. I cut wood. I carry water.' Doesn't that bear it out?"

"Why did you decide on P. L. Travers as your writing name?" I asked.

Miss Travers looked momentarily wearied, a martyr about to answer a question she has answered a thousand times before. Then she plunged in. "Well, I've already said that there are no such things as children's books. But others think there are. Children's books are looked on as a sideline of literature. A special smile. They are usually thought to be associated with women. I was determined not to have this label of sentimentality put on me so I signed by my initials, hoping people wouldn't bother to wonder if the books were written by a man, woman, or kangaroo. Now, won't you ask me something different?"

I thought. Miss Travers looked hopeful. "You do come from that nice, intelligent magazine. Do ask me something that other reviewers don't."

I shrugged. "Okay. What are you doing Saturday night?"

Miss Travers shrieked, clapped hands, hit the table. "Oh, put that in! That's different. Do put that in!"

The next moment, P. L. Travers—if it were she and not Mary Poppins herself with whom I was sharing a table—was imitating a rose. "My highest joy would be to have a rose named for me."

Her voice dropped to a shy level. "I said it nicely, not demandingly. A Pamela Travers rose. Wouldn't that be nice? Or even better, a Mary Poppins rose.

"A daisy is the child's favorite. It's so open. The daisy and the rose are the two ends of the stick. The rose is never, until the last moment, unfolded."

Her arms came up about her and somehow turned into petals. It's the folded rose, the *secret* rose . . . aaahhhh."

The secret rose, which I suspect is more P. L. Travers than even Mary Poppins, folded herself into a sensible tan raincoat. "Intimate life is the only life I can bear. I'm not interested in the passing scene because it passes."

A smile, a wave, and P. L. Travers, world-famous and happily unknown, slipped away into a grey New York day. On very pretty feet, may I add.

—Haskel Frankel.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 13, 8, 14, 1, 3, 6, 10, 12, 15, 16, 5, 2, 9, 7, 11.

McGRAW-HILL
WHITTLESEY HOUSE

THE MOUSE PALACE
Frances Carpenter; illustrated by Adrienne Adams. An engaging tale of ancient Siam. "Miss Carpenter's story . . . is thoroughly enjoyable. Adrienne Adams' illustrations glow with the warmth of oriental splendor."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*
Ages 6 to 10 $2.95

THE YEAR SANTA WENT MODERN
Richard Armour; illustrated by Paul Galdone. A gay, witty Christmas story-in-verse about the time that Santa decided to replace his old-fashioned sleigh with a new station wagon. Hilarious fun. Ages 4 to 8 $2.75

SHOES FOR PUNCH
Jocelyn Arundel; illustrated by Wesley Dennis. "Both boys and girls—especially those who love ponies—will enjoy this story of a little Shetland that wanted shoes."
—*Saturday Review*
Ages 4 to 8 $2.50

BOOKS FOR

THE HAPPY LION AND THE BEAR
Louise Fatio; illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. "Ever welcome is a new story about the Happy Lion . . . In this latest adventure, as charming as its predecessors, the Happy Lion tries to make friends with a new bear."—*Chicago Tribune*
Ages 4 to 8 $2.95

THE GIRAFFE OF KING CHARLES X
Written and illustrated by Miche Wynants. "A real surprise . . . an unlikely but true story, narrated by the exceedingly decorative giraffe and substantiated by the author."
—*Saturday Review*
Ages 7 to 9 $2.50

ANIMALS THAT MADE U. S. HISTORY
Edith Dorian; illustrated by W. N. Wilson. The creators of *Hokahey!* present a "fascinating account of the way in which animals, both wild and domestic, have affected the history of the U. S."—*Library Journal*
Ages 10 up $3.75

YOUNG PEOPLE

Mother Goose in French

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Pictures by Barbara Cooney

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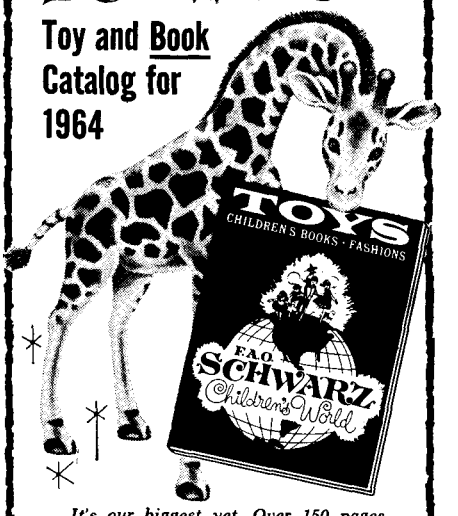

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Visit to Khrushchev

Continued from page 21

ous. When I go up to Moscow next week I expect to serve notice that we will not consider ourselves bound by three inspections. If you can go from three to eight, we can go from three to zero."

He leaned forward in his chair.

"Now there's something else you ought to know," he said. "My atomic scientists have been pressing me hard to allow them to carry on more nuclear tests. They believe that the security of our country requires that we develop new refinements in nuclear weapons. As you know, we have already successfully tested a 100-megaton bomb, but they want to follow this up with more variations. They say the United States has carried out 70 per cent more tests than the Soviet Union and that the world will understand. They want a green light to go ahead; I think I may decide to give it to them. It's time I put the security of my country first."

For a moment or two I said nothing.

"Well?" he asked.

"You are looking at a depressed man," I said. "I came here for the purpose of bearing witness to the President's good faith. You have apparently placed little weight on this. Your final response is that you are probably going to resume atmospheric tests. If you do, I cannot imagine that the United States will stand still and let its lead dwindle. So we will test again, and you will test, and we will test, and so on. This destroys any possibility that other nations can be persuaded not to test. The poisons in the air will multiply. None of this adds either to American or Russian security.

"There is something else that occurs to me at this point," I continued. "Last summer, President Kennedy was informed by a Soviet representative that missile bases were not being installed in Cuba. Perhaps it will be said that this was a misunderstanding. Under the circumstances, perhaps one misunderstanding can cancel out another."

Mr. Khrushchev looked at me severely.

"Very well," he said. "You want me to accept President Kennedy's good faith? All right, I accept President Kennedy's good faith. You want me to believe that the United States sincerely wants a treaty banning nuclear tests? All right, I believe the United States is sincere. You want me to set all misunderstandings aside and make a fresh start? All right, I agree to make a fresh start.

"Now," he said in unmistakably measured tones, "let us forget everything that happened before. Forget all conversations involving Kuznetsov, Dean, Wiesner, Fedorov, and all the others. Now everyone will act in good faith and accept the good faith of everyone else. Very well. The Soviet Union now proposes to the United States a treaty to outlaw nuclear testing—underground, overground, in water, in space, every place. And we will give you something you don't really need. We will give you inspections inside our country to convince you we aren't really cheating. We make our offer; you accept it, and there's no more nuclear testing. Finished. If the President really wants a treaty, here it is."

"That's precisely the point," I said. "The President has come down a great deal from the original twenty-two inspections but he knows of no way he can come all the way down to three. The Senate would never accept it."

Mr. Khrushchev reached into the breast pocket of his blue suit and took out a "pull-out" watch—that is, a watch encased in a smooth metallic frame; when the two sides of this case are separated to show the time, the action also winds the springs. He toyed with the mechanism.

"We are repeating ourselves," he said. "Just so there is no mistake about it in your mind, let me say finally that I cannot and will not go back to the Council of Ministers and ask them to change our position in order to accommodate the United States again. Why am I always the one who must understand the difficulties of the other fellow Maybe it's time for the other fellow to understand my position. But you can tell the President I accept his explanation of an honest misunderstanding and suggest that we get moving. But the next move is up to him."

The Chairman asked if there was anything else I wanted to discuss.

I said there was. In lecturing before various groups in the U.S., and in talking about the problem involved in a just and durable peace, I would constantly be confronted by people who would ask: "How can you talk about peace with the Soviet Union in view of the fact that Mr. Khrushchev has already declared war on us? He keeps saying he will bury us."

And so I asked Mr. Khrushchev how he would answer these questions.

"What I meant was, not that I will bury you, but that history will bury you," he said somewhat testily. "Don't blame me if your capitalist system is doomed. I am not going to kill you. I have no intention of murdering 200 million Americans. In fact, I will not even take part in the burial. The workers in your society will bury the system and they will be the pallbearers. Don't ask me when it is going to happen. It may not happen tomorrow or the day after. But it will happen. This is as certain as the rising sun."

I asked Mr. Khrushchev if he would be willing to consider evidence to the contrary.

"Please," he said.

I pointed out that Marx's basic proposition—that the masses of people are

—*N. C.*

Street scene in Leningrad, before the pictures came down.

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impoverished under capitalism—was manifestly untrue in the U.S. In fact, Marx's great failure was that he was unable to predict the profound changes that were to take place within the American economic structure. There was little resemblance between the capitalism Marx wrote about a century ago and the situation today. Instead of enslavement and impoverishment, the economic condition of the large masses of our people was vastly improved over what it was at the time of *Das Kapital*. We still had serious problems, of course. There was still a problem of waste—both with respect to our natural resources and our manpower; the nation was not yet making the most productive use of its Negro citizens. Even here, however, it would be a mistake to ignore important progress.

In any event, Marx had never fully anticipated the fluidity of a free society or the full significance of a considerable lack of acute class consciousness in the U.S. Americans were productive and were improving their lot.

Mr. Khrushchev replied that if Marx were alive today he would not be dismayed by these developments but would say instead that all his predictions would come true. "I repeat," he said, "I have great admiration for the American people. Mark my word, when they become a socialist society, they will have the finest socialist society in the world. They are resourceful, energetic, intelligent, imaginative. What a wonderful thing this will be for them and for the world."

I told Mr. Khrushchev the U.S. would be glad to have his good wishes but I thought it important to point out that notions of historical inevitability or determinism did not really fit American history or the American character. Peaceful coexistence, as I understood it, meant that each state could hold to its institutions and there could still be peace.

"*Harrasho,*" he said. ("Just right.")

I knew I had prolonged our talk far beyond any reasonable limits. There was, however, one additional assignment I had been asked to carry out. Rex Stout, the mystery story writer and president of the Authors' League, had empowered me to represent the league in seeking some solution to the copyright tangle with the Soviet Union. For the past ten years various attempts have been made to persuade the Soviet Union to respect American copyright. The main countering argument on the Soviet side was that the Russians read many times more of our books than we did of theirs and that we were therefore proposing an unfair balance of literary trade. Another problem had to do with retroactivity. Publication of American books without authorization in the Soviet Union had been going on a long time; how far back in time would the Soviet liability go?

—*N. C.*

Leningrad citizen studying theater posters—Will the cultural climate change?

I told Mr. Khrushchev that the Authors' League authorized me to propose that any copyright agreement would be free of past liability. As of January 1, 1964, say, each country would honor copyright restrictions and seek permission for any literary works originating in the other country. No retroactive payments would be required, although continued publication and distribution of books issued before January 1, 1964, would of course be covered by the new agreement.

Mr. Khrushchev shook his head.

"What kind of a deal is this?" he asked. "You get all the benefits, and what do we get? We publish maybe millions of copies of books by American authors. We read Hemingway, Faulkner, Mitchell Wilson, Jack London, Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, and many others. And how many of our writers do your people read? A few of the classical ones but hardly any of the contemporary ones. We are a nation of book readers. You are a nation of television watchers and comic book buyers. How can you propose a deal when you are not in a position to offer anything?"

I told the Chairman that there was increasing interest among Americans in contemporary Soviet authors, but even if this were not the case, it was hardly relevant, one way or the other. American writers were entitled to payment for the use of their words. They also had the right to decide whether their books should be reprinted. If we could agree on this principle, then we could talk about the entirely separate matter of increasing the availability of Soviet books in the U.S.

"You may think these are separate matters but we do not. I see no chance right now for a copyright agreement," he said. "But we would be glad to talk to you about developing something approaching parity in our literary exchange. Once that is done, we can consider the copyright problem. But, as I say, your country has a long way to go before you can equal ours in the matter of book reading. You know Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Gorki, and one or two others from the old Russia, but you know very little about our living writers—and we have some good ones. And even what you know of Tolstoy is badly corrupted. When I was in the United States several years ago I saw a version of *War and Peace* in comic book form. It was made into a story of terror, wild sex, and brutality. How can you expect poor Tolstoy to rest in his grave with nonsense like that going on?"

I had no defense to offer for the offensive edition of Tolstoy and said so. But the context in which the Chairman made his remarks was incorrect. He said our people did not read books. Not true. Last year, more than 300,000,000 books were sold in the United States. This did not include the comic books or the cheapies he had spoken about. Was he familiar with the large number of serious books now being published and sold in inexpensive paperback form? Again, this

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didn't excuse the cheap books but at least the situation was somewhat different from the way he had understood it.

"You are to be congratulated," said the Chairman. "Now if only you can do something about your television, you will be making some real progress. Frankly, I could hardly believe my eyes when I was in the United States, the kind of things you showed on television. If the sadism and violence you show is at all representative of the kind of life you have in America, God help you! All the killing and beatings and cheating and swearing and wife-stealing and immorality. A nation can't help being judged by the things it is interested in.

"But what is most surprising to me is that you apparently have no idea of the kind of harm this is doing to your children. They sit in front of the TV sets for hours at a time and take it all in. What kind of food is this for tender young minds? And you wonder why you have a juvenile delinquency problem. Surely your capitalists, who put on these TV programs, must have some conscience and can be persuaded not to make money out of deforming children's minds," he continued. "And if they can't, why can't your society do something about it? Capitalism isn't just an unjust economic system. It's a way of life that leads to a corruption of important values. Television is only one example."

Once again I asked the Chairman if he would be willing to consider some contrary evidence. And once again he said, "Please."

First, concerning television. I said he made it appear that there was almost no concern in the United States about this problem. Had it not been called to his attention that the Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission had attacked irresponsible programming on television? Was he unaware of the various citizens' groups that had been organized to combat harmful TV? Had he overlooked the numerous articles in the press on the subject? In any event, two important facts had to be stressed. The first was that the American people had freedom of choice. They were not confined to a government station; in many cities they had four or five or more choices. They also had freedom of choice over a wide range of programs dealing with good music, good films, information, and public affairs. They could watch debates over government policy, in which the government itself would be seriously criticized. No penalties would be attached to such criticism. Moreover, some of our large capitalist companies would sponsor important music events or high-quality programs.

Apart from all this, a major development in American television had probably escaped his attention. I referred to the fact that there were now some ninety educational television stations across the U.S. These stations were free of what he called "trash." The fact that they were called "educational" TV stations did not mean that they were used just for institutional purposes. They provided general programs of genuine merit, combining public education with high-level entertainment. The national educational organization that supplied many of the programs for these stations was financed by a foundation that got its money through the sale of automobiles. Locally, the stations were supported on a community basis, and many capitalistic enterprises contributed to the upkeep of these local stations without commercial announcements or expectation of profit.

The Chairman said he hadn't intended to offend me or arouse me and was glad to learn about all these promising developments in the United States. And he was especially glad to know that so many people were eager to do something about the awful trash on television. He wished them all the luck in the world and said they would probably need it.

Apart from educational TV, there were other impressive indications, I said, of a healthy growth in the creative and cultural life of America. The fact that one child out of three was taking instrumental lessons in music; the fact that twice as many people attended concerts each year as attended baseball games; the fact that American colleges and universities were now undergoing the greatest expansion in their history—all these facts might indicate that the United States was not as backward or underdeveloped culturally as his earlier remarks would seem to indicate. The Americans were putting their freedom to good use.

The Chairman said he applauded these developments and could only say that if the American people had done this well despite their present system, just think of the kind of progress they would make when they turned socialist. And once again he looked at his pull-out watch.

It was late in the afternoon and the sunlight was waning. I was eager to put a final question to the Chairman. I asked him whether he was discouraged in his stated policy of peaceful relations with the United States and the West in general.

The Chairman said he wanted to believe that the terrible drift to war could be ended and that the two most powerful countries in the world could find some way to live in peace, but that the next move was up to the United States. He looked to President Kennedy, for whom he had high regard, to take the next step. Then he asked me to convey his greetings to the President and Mrs. Kennedy.

My daughters and their escort approached the terrace. We stood up to greet them. The girls had been swimming in the Chairman's pool (later, they told me that they had used Mr. Khrushchev's trunks—"they ballooned out like life preservers"). Then we all walked back to the main house. I thanked the Chairman for being so generous with his time. We got into the car and left.

Strollers in Leningrad—Could the drift to war be ended?

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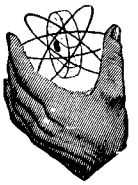

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor •

ARTICLE: Can We Learn from Other Planets?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

ON TEACHING CHINESE

THE people of mainland China, under the Communist leadership of Mao Tse-tung, have not only exploded a nuclear bomb (that much had been expected and publicly predicted by Secretary of State Dean Rusk) but have performed the feat in a far more sophisticated fashion than anyone else had supposed them capable of. The degree of surprise achieved could be read in the original American announcement that one piece of tricky but readily producible plutonium had been shot at another in an oversized gun barrel. Later analysis of atmospheric samples, taken by U-2 planes downwind from the explosion, disclosed that the bomb actually had been uranium 235 (only eight gaseous diffusion plants capable of producing it are known to exist in the world) imploded in a manner reminiscent of an old-fashioned collapsible Chinese jigsaw puzzle.

Even the Soviets may have been taken off guard, and Nikita Khrushchev's abrupt departure from the Premiership of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics might have been due in part to a last minute Kremlin tip on the true dimensions of the pending Chinese exploit. For Russian scientist Mikhail A. Klochko, one of Moscow's technical advisors to the Mao regime, had said, as recently as 1963, in the book he wrote after defecting to Canada (*Soviet Scientist in China,* Praeger, $4.95), that it would "be a long time before China joins the nuclear club" —that the prospect was "extremely unlikely. . . as long as Mao remains in power."

At *SR*'s presstime, American social scientists already were meeting and discussing what might be done next. To them, next did not mean the immediate future, in which Peking's entry into the United Nations and diplomatic recognition of Mao by Washington seemed inevitable. The more significant question lay farther away in time: How could the American people prepare themselves to cope with the Chinese Communists on a level of mutual respect?

The White House and the Department of State were still maintaining the myth of absolute separation from Mao. But there had in fact been repeated contact—through Ambassadors in Warsaw, meetings in Geneva, and otherwise—over an extended time, and China's demonstration of nuclear capability does not seem likely to untie those bonds of realism.

Obviously, the Chinese language will have to be taught widely in American high schools, as Russian is taught now. A whole new crop of Chinese scholars must be grown, and Chinese takes more years to learn than other languages do. Today only one high school, in California, is reported to be teaching Chinese. What high school principal elsewhere, what local school board, has the wisdom and courage to launch the wave of the future?

✓ ✓ ✓

THE Joint Committee on Contemporary China, sponsored by the Social Science Research Council and the American Council of Learned Societies (see *SR*, Mar. 7) has been focussing its study grants on developments in China since 1949, when Mao seized power. It is now recognized that these researches are not enough. Understanding of modern China requires definitive analysis of the Taiping Rebellion of 100 years ago—a peasant revolution that only seemed to fail. Answers must be found for such historic riddles as: Why did the Chinese Republic (1911-1949) fall? What were the conditions that allowed Communism to work when elective government would not work? How much were dictatorial tendencies of elected officials to blame?

✓ ✓ ✓

THE mysterious end of Nikita Khrushchev's period as Premier of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has obscured details of one of the most dramatic episodes in man's exploration of the space beyond planet earth. On the anniversary of the discovery of the American hemisphere by Christopher Columbus at the head of a fleet of three small ships, three Russian individuals—a spaceship pilot, a physician, and a scientist—rode in a single ship called Voskhod considerably farther out from earth than any other men had gone before. The apogee was 250 miles.

The flight was made in shirtsleeves, instead of the tight-fitting space-suits theretofore worn. The three men came down after seventeen orbits in twenty-four hours. There were a number of indications that the trip had been planned to last as long as a week or two (for example, the presence of the physician made best sense if he were to measure small physiological effects in a cumulative routine) but search for the facts was abandoned in the excitement over Khrushchev's retirement from office.

In the United States, the Voskhod flight renewed interest in recruiting scientists for crews of spaceships headed for the moon. The candidate with longest preparation was Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, of the U.S. Geological Survey (misnamed George Shoemaker in SR/Research last month) who now heads an astro-geology unit of 100 men at Flagstaff, Arizona. He is a hard-rock geologist with an adventurous spirit, and more will be heard of him in this space later.

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ANOTHER interpretation of the moon pictures taken by the robot named Ranger VII has been published in *Science*, journal of the American Associ-

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ation for the Advancement of Science. Dr. John A. O'Keefe, a theoretician at Goddard Space Flight Center, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Greenbelt, Maryland, is the author. The interpretation follows the main line of reasoning reported in *SR*'s issue of last September 5—that bright rays crossing the lunar surface are chains of small craters and other debris ejected from larger craters when the latter were formed by meteorites striking the moon long ago.

Ranger VII landed at the end of a 625-mile-long ray arcing northwestward from crater Tycho, which looks like the moon's navel during full moon. Because rays from Tycho cross many other features of the moon, astronomers believe Tycho is one of the youngest formations on the moon.

In studying Ranger VII's photos, Dr. O'Keefe noted a black marking such as might be made by a pair of compressed human lips. The blackness crossed the rays. Therefore, Dr. O'Keefe reasoned, the liplike shape is newer than the rays. He concluded: The black shape is "a low ridge or group of low mounds" thrust upward through the rays by volcanic action "within the last few hundred million years."

✓ ✓ ✓

"THE Case of the Substituted Drug" was reported in these pages on September 5, 1959. The report included reproductions of advertisements in which the performance of an old drug was attributed to a new drug intended for different purposes than the old one. Following publication, the case was turned over to the Federal Trade Commission.

On February 11, 1960, FTC issued a complaint that the drugmaker, Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., had misrepresented the extent of clinical testing of the drug, named Enarax. After conducting hearings, an FTC examiner ruled that the misrepresentation was not of "material" facts. He recommended dismissal of the complaint. Cross-appeals were filed, and while decision on these was pending a new drug law was passed by the Congress as a result of the long inquiry conducted by the late U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. Following adoption of the law, new administrative regulations to implement it were promulgated by the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. The regulations covered some aspects of drug advertising.

On July 10, 1964, FTC ordered reargument of the appeals in the Enarax case, with the stipulation that argument "be limited to the following single question: whether the drug amendments of 1962 (76 Statute 780) to the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act and/or any regulations issued under such amendments by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare cover the acts and practices alleged in the complaint" [against the Enarax advertising].

On October 22, 1964, FTC issued the following announcement to the press:

1—The complaint against the Enarax ad has been dismissed.

2—The dismissal is based on a letter from the Assistant General Counsel for the U.S. Food and Drug Administration which included this paragraph:

"We do not regard an ad as complying with the 'fair balance' requirements when it falsely represents the extent of the clinical testing as alleged in your complaint. We consider the advertising complained of in your Docket No. 7780 to be within the scope and application of the Amendments of 1962 of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act and the regulations promulgated thereunder."

3—FTC's dismissal of the complaint is made "without an adjudication of the allegations of the complaint" and FTC "will take such further action . . . as may be warranted in the public interest . . . should the FDA's assertion of jurisdiction subsequently prove unfounded."

SR's science editor telephoned Mr. William W. Goodrich, general counsel for the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, and asked what FDA intended to do about the Enarax case. Mr. Goodrich said FDA did not have power to do anything about the ad complained against. The letter from FDA to FTC, in which FDA's Assistant General Counsel wrote "we consider the advertising complained of in your Docket No. 7780 [the docket number of the Enarax case] to be within the scope" of FDA authority under the 1962 drug law, was read to Mr. Goodrich. He agreed that the wording was specific, and expressed regret if any misunderstanding had arisen as a result. But he insisted FDA had no power to act on any drug advertising done before January 1, 1964—the effective date of the new drug regulations.

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NOW that the tail section of the sunken atomic submarine, *Thresher*, has been located off the New England coast, it becomes appropriate to refer back to something that was written here a year ago. In *SR*/Research for October 1963, Dr. Columbus O'D. Iselin, H. B. Bigelow Oceanographer at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts, described a hypothetical interplay of atmospheric and oceanic forces which, he believed, might explain the *Thresher*'s loss. Dr. Iselin pointed out that just before *Thresher* disappeared in the depths of the Atlantic off the mouth of the Gulf of Maine on April 10, 1963, an intense cyclone had moved overland northeastward from Cape Cod to Nova Scotia. He told how the winds above the water could have reversed normal currents on and below the surface of the sea to create a large whirlpool in the area where *Thresher* was known to be test diving. Because of a dome-like formation generated in the sea by circular motion of water currents, water at any given depth within the eddy would be denser than the water at the same depth outside the eddy. Therefore, a submarine emerging from the whirlpool in any direction would suddenly find itself relatively heavier than the medium through which it was traveling and would sink more rapidly. Ballast tanks would need to be emptied very quickly to trim the ship and escape disaster.

In a brief note appended to oceanographer Iselin's speculative essay, *SR's* science editor commented: "At least three strategically important questions could be read in the above report . . . First: Is the water ballast aboard U.S. atomic submarines adequate to cope with emergencies like the one hypothesized here? Should the ballast tanks and/or ballast pumping system be enlarged?"

The U.S. Navy declined invitations to reply to the questions at that time. In subsequent months, however, a number of A-subs were returned to drydock for unspecified reconstruction and repair. And on March 6, 1964, the so-called "father" of atomic submarining, Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, repeated to a subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations of the U.S. House of Representatives the following fragment of testimony he had earlier given in secret at hearings conducted by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy:

"Much of the effort of the Court of Inquiry was directed to finding out who was responsible for the design of the *Thresher;* who made the fundamental technical decisions; who authorized deviations from plans; who authorized deviations from the specifications. The inadequate ballast tank blowing system is a case in point; who is responsible?

"With the present Navy system, this is an almost impossible question to answer. The nearest you can come is to say that 'the Navy is responsible'."

In reporting Admiral Rickover's testimony in *The New York Times, Times* Washington science writer John W. Finney wrote:

"The implication of Admiral Rickover's testimony was that the submarine tried to surface but the ballast system proved unable to blow out the water. At the depth at which the submarine was operating, tremendous amounts of air are needed to offset the sea pressure and discharge the water from the ballast tanks."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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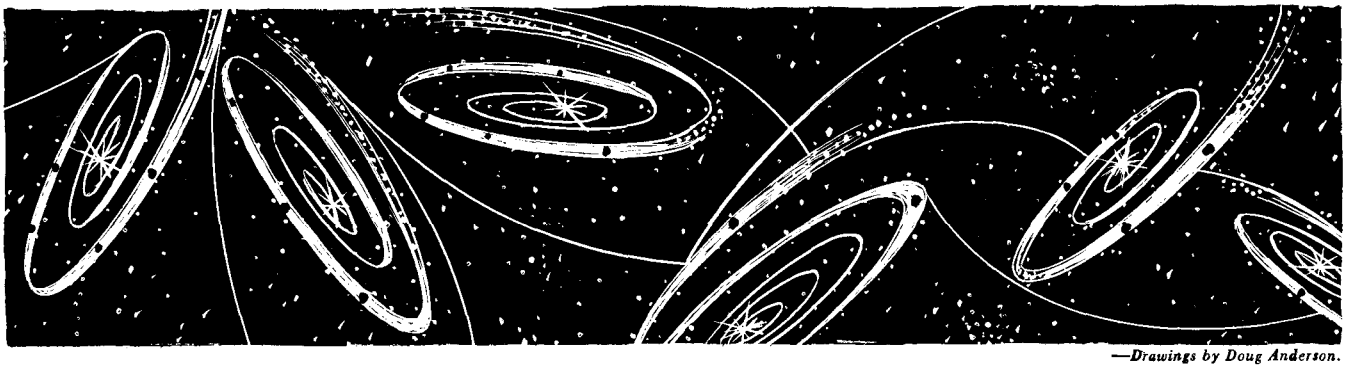

—Drawings by Doug Anderson.

THE MILKY WAY LIBRARY

Can We Learn from Other Planets?

By FRED HOYLE

I RISK your displeasure by asserting that the Communist-anti-Communist theme, so easily whipped up in this country, is not going to be one of the issues that will affect the future of the world in any really marked degree. I see the rivalry between the Communist and anti-Communist blocs in the same terms as I see the phenomenon of "display" among birds. It is a kind of mannequin parade, a sort of international fashion show.

The real issues, I believe, rest on the impossibility of a long-term favorable future for the human species if different parts of the earth remain in grossly different stages of development. On a long-term basis it simply is not possible to contemplate a life of prosperity and luxury in a few favorable cases on the earth existing permanently alongside poverty and starvation everywhere else. Sooner or later, standards of living work themselves to a pretty constant level, like water.

The reason why the Communist-anti-Communist theme rouses our emotions so easily is that the problem involved is simple, easily expressed in black and white terms.

The important problems are not easily understood, let alone solved. I think most of us know in our hearts that the problem of what to do about the world as a whole, the problem of what to do about the phenomenal rise of the world's population, really constitute the issues that will affect the future. But we do not know what to do about them, so we dismiss these questions from our minds and concentrate on something more immediate and obvious. Frequent discussions of problems you cannot solve tends to be frustrating and irritating, so we tend to react by turning on the television.

In science, we proceed in much the same way. We solve those problems which we are capable of solving, and these are not usually the ones we would like to solve. There is no point in bashing out our brains when we just do not have the right idea.

Many people seem to think that to do scientific research you need only to be a good experimentalist, or to know a lot of mathematics and then go into a corner and think or into the laboratory and fiddle about with something. But other qualities are needed. Important among them is the judgment of what problems are ripe for solution: Exactly when does it become profitable to look again over old ground, to rediscuss problems that once seemed too hard?

ORIGINALITY springs from good judgment in this essentially esthetic respect. It is one of the signs of the inexperienced young scientist, and of the amateur, that they are never content with small problems, that they must only tackle fundamental issues. Most scientists who continue to do this go to the wall. Most amateurs end up as embittered cranks.

It would obviously be unfair for me as a scientist to blame the politicians for proceeding in exactly the same way as we ourselves do, namely, for achieving what can be achieved and leaving aside those problems that cannot be solved at the moment. The issue is not one of blaming anybody. The issue I am raising is whether we ourselves are consciously in any control at all of the future.

If we are not able to attack the problems that quite evidently will decide the kind of world that will exist in the future, then can we in any real sense be said to be in charge of our own destiny?

Let me state my opinion on this critical question. It is my belief that man is not in charge of his future, and that he never has been. In the rest of this paper it will be my purpose to develop this theme.

A word first about orthodox biology. When Darwin and Wallace propounded the theory of evolution in the middle of the last century, it was explicitly stated that man is no longer subject to evolutionary processes. It was supposed that because of free will, because of our freedom of choice, we can decide our own future as we please. I believe this view, which has undoubtedly persisted to the present day, to be wrong. As I have already said, I do not think that we decide the future at all, and I do not think that we are in any way free from evolutionary processes.

The mistake of nineteenth-century thinking was to view the process of evolution in too narrow a light. You will recall the general idea of biological evolution: that it arises from competition in part between members of the same species and in part between different species. The ground rules for the competition are supposed to be set by the physical environment: temperature, rainfall, the nature of the terrain, mountains or plains, the condition of the soil, and so forth.

In man's early days, competition with other creatures must have been critical. But this phase of our development is now finished. Indeed, we lack practice and experience nowadays in dealing with primitive conditions. I am sure that, without modern weapons, I would make a very poor show of disputing the owner-

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ship of a cave with a bear, and in this I do not think I stand alone.

The last creature to compete with man was the mosquito. But even the mosquito has been subdued by attention to drainage and by chemical sprays.

Competition between ourselves, person against person, community against community, still persists, however; and it is as fierce as it ever was.

But the competition of man against man is not the simple process envisioned in biology. It is not a simple competition for a fixed amount of food determined by the physical environment, because the environment that determines our evolution is no longer essentially physical. Our environment is chiefly conditioned by the things we know and the things we believe.

Morocco and California are bits of the earth in very similar latitudes, both on the west coasts of continents with similar climates, and probably with rather similar natural resources. Yet their present development is wholly different, not so much because of different people even, but because of the different thoughts that exist in the minds of their inhabitants. This is the point I wish to emphasize. The most important factor in our environment is the state of our own minds.

It is well known that where the white man has invaded a primitive culture the most destructive effects have come not from physical weapons but from ideas. Ideas are dangerous. The Holy Office knew this full well when it caused heretics to be burned in days gone by. Indeed, the concept of free speech only exists in our modern society because when you are inside a community you are conditioned by the conventions of the community to such a degree that it is very difficult to conceive of anything really destructive. It is only someone looking on from outside who can inject the dangerous thoughts.

I do not doubt that it would be possible to inject ideas into the modern world that would utterly destroy us. I would like to give you an example, but fortunately I cannot do so. Of course I cannot do so because I am a prisoner of the present-day world, just as all of you are. We cannot think outside the particular patterns that our brains are conditioned to, or, to be more accurate, we can think only a very little way outside, and then only if we are very original.

IT is this pattern in which we are all conditioned that constitutes the most essential feature of our environment. Plainly, technology is an important part of the pattern, which brings me to what I believe to be a popular misconception concerning the role of the scientist in modern life. I think many people are instinctively aware that the old-fashioned notion of governments being completely in control of the course of events is wrong. It is wrong because governments do not invent technology, for instance. But the notion that scientists are now in the driver's seat is even more wrong. It is true that scientists produce the technology, but they do so at the behest of society, and they exercise no control over it. Why do not scientists stop, you may ask. Because they are every bit as much prisoners of the complex of thoughts that constitutes the pattern of our minds as nonscientists are.

In principle, you might suppose that scientists could stop the development of technology, or at least direct its development, by agreeing together on some policy. At one time I used to believe this myself. Now I see it just could not work like that, not merely because scientists would never reach agreement, but for a deeper reason.

A physical scientist, for example, is only good at physics so long as he sticks to physics. He ceases to be good at physics as soon as he becomes a sociologist.

The situation is that scientists produce science, and you must not expect them to produce anything else. If you do not like what they produce, then have no science. This, in fact, was the decision made in Italy after the time of Galileo, the four hundredth anniversary of whose birth we celebrate this year. The decision plunged Italy into centuries of unnecessary poverty, and perhaps for this reason the experiment is not likely to be repeated.

Humanists have repeatedly asked why Galileo did not stand up for his belief that the earth moves round the sun. Why did he recant? Because he was a scientist, and a scientist has no motive to become a martyr. To suppose otherwise is to miss the whole point of the scientist's position—to do science and that alone.

To return to the point at issue, who, then, is in the driver's seat? If not governments, if not scientists, who? Nobody. We are traveling in a vehicle that guides itself, just as our species has arisen from an evolutionary process that guided itself throughout past ages. It is my belief that nothing has changed. We are still in the grip of natural processes. We are not in charge of our own destiny.

This is my belief, and the big question I wish to ask in the remainder of this essay is whether we can say anything about where this process is likely to take us. Where does the road ahead lie?

I am going to make one big hypothesis —a religious hypothesis—that the emergence of intelligent life is not a meaningless accident. But I am not going to follow orthodox religions by presuming that I know what the meaning is. Intelligent life is such a remarkable phenomenon to emerge out of the basic physical laws that some connection seems implied; *i.e.*, some correlation between laws and consequences of the laws—what in common terms we would call a *plan*. Let us see how much of the plan we can discover.

Without some control over the movement of inanimate materials there can be no development of an intelligent animal. An important reason for the emergence of man lies in his upright posture, freeing the hands and enabling them to fashion inanimate materials into tools. Now, moving things around requires energy. When we move something by hand the energy comes from the food we eat. Further progress, beyond simple manual

—*Pix.*

Fred Hoyle

THE TEXT in adjacent columns is an exclusive *SR* preview of a new book published by University of Washington Press at Seattle: *Of Men and Galaxies*, by Fred Hoyle. By the time these words appear in print, copies of the book will be available in bookshops. The volume includes three chapters, which originated as the third series of John Danz Lectures at the University of Washington. The lectures are financed by the John Danz Fund, established by Mr. Danz and his wife Jessie in 1961 to provide perpetual income to be used to bring to the university each year "distinguished scholars of national and international reputation who have concerned themselves with the impact of science and philosophy on man's perception of a rational universe."

Fred Hoyle, an internationally recognized cosmologist, is one of the authors of the steady state theory of creation, which holds that the universe is and always has been in a process of continuous growth. During World War II, while working for the British Admiralty, he contributed to the development of radar. A Yorkshire Englishman by birth, he has held the Plumian Professorship of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge University since 1958.

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processes, depends on the controlled use of energy.

The first civilizations were based on the use of heat to smelt metals. To begin with, natural organic materials, particularly wood from trees, gave an adequate energy supply. With natural fuels it was possible to lift civilization to the level of the Greeks and Romans. Beyond this it was impossible to go without coal and oil, the basic prime movers of modern society. It is a matter of irony that neither Greece nor Italy possesses coal; otherwise the course of history would have been quite different.

How much coal and oil can you expect to find on a planet, not just the earth, but on any planet of any star in any galaxy? Not, I think, enormously more than on the earth. Perhaps ten times more in favorable cases, but any planet too heavily loaded with such materials would tend to be unstable. Coal and oil are highly unstable materials, igniting easily.

IT follows that intelligent creatures evolving on any planet will run into the same problems of fuel exhaustion—exhaustion of coal and oil—that we shall encounter in the next century or two. We already know what will have to be done about that: We must change our energy source to nuclear reactions, uranium and thorium, or perhaps to the fusion of deuterium.

We ourselves managed this very long step from the first crude charcoal smelting to a nuclear reactor in about six or seven thousand years. A major fraction of the way has indeed been achieved in two or three centuries. Could we have made our discoveries at a more leisurely pace than this?

No, we could not. The pace of discovery had to be very fast; otherwise all the coal and oil would have been gone before the advent of nuclear physics.

So emergence of high intelligence as a more or less permanent going concern demands an almost discontinuous uplift. Millions of years of primitive conditions may precede the uplift, and millions may follow it, but the uplift itself must be made quickly because of fuel exhaustion.

A whole lot of consequences follow from this simple observation. It has often been said that, if the human species fails to make a go of it here on the earth, some other species will take over the running. In the sense of developing intelligence this is not correct. We have, or soon will have, exhausted the necessary physical prerequisites so far as this planet is concerned. With coal gone, oil gone, high-grade metallic ores gone, no species, however competent, can make the long climb from primitive conditions to high-level technology. This is a one-shot affair. If we fail, this planetary system fails so far as intelligence is concerned. The same will be true of other planetary systems. On each of them there will be one chance, and one chance only.

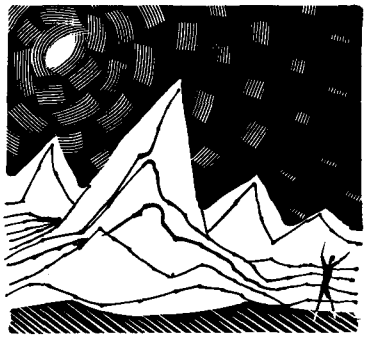
These inevitable arguments lead to a predicament. In a sudden lift from primitive conditions to sophisticated ones, there is no time for an inherent change to take place within ourselves. We are today essentially primitive creatures, struggling desperately to adjust ourselves to a way of life that is alien to almost the whole of the past history of our species.

By past history I do not mean just the last few centuries or the last few thousand years, but man's long evolution over tens and even hundreds of thousands of years. It was this long evolution—not recent history, not the period since the Romans or Greeks, for instance—that determined our basic physical and psychological characteristics.

Today we are living neither in the long primitive era nor in the better-adjusted prosperous future. It is our century, our millennium, that must perforce take the maximum strain, for it is our fate to live during the transitional phase. And because we live in this special phase we find social difficulties, pressures, situations that defy even the simplest logical processes. We find ourselves in no real contact with the forces that are shaping the future.

It seems to me more than a small measure of comfort that our situation cannot be unique. Unless, indeed, we are the only intelligent creatures in the universe (which I find it impossible to believe), a similar situation must, it seems to me, arise whenever intelligence emerges. There must be the same sudden rise from the primitive to the sophisticated, the same psychological stresses on those who happen to live in the transition phase. Unless there is no meaning to be attached to life, to intelligent life, the problems with which we are faced must be soluble; indeed, they must have been solved many, many times by creatures who are ahead of us in the process. There is a high probability that a way exists through the apparently impenetrable jungle of the future. What this way may be we can only speculate, and it is to such speculations that I wish to give the last part of these remarks.

It is to be emphasized that because a way exists it does not follow that the route is easy. Every mountaineer knows that while the escape from a dangerous situation may be possible it can still be desperately difficult to achieve. The process of evolution that has led to our presence here, at this moment, is not a pretty one. We exist today because of a past in



which our forebears suffered untold distress and anguish. I am not referring simply to our human ancestors but to the long chain of creatures that preceded the human; their sufferings were certainly untold because they could not speak—we need only think of the shriek of the dying animal in the jungle. My point is that we are still in the jungle and that our descendants may come to say the same thing about us, that they owe *their* existence to *our* shrieks.

OF course we do possess a far greater measure of control over the physical environment, and even over ourselves, than our forebears ever did. The big question is whether we possess sufficient control. My own conviction is that today we are still being swept along by the tide of events, like a canoe in the rapids. But ideas change, and as we understand more, both about inanimate things and about ourselves, the whole culture itself alters. Possibilities arise that were not present before. It is symptomatic of the present day that we are becoming aware of the rapids, and this awareness is already a considerable advance on the smug self-satisfaction of the nineteenth

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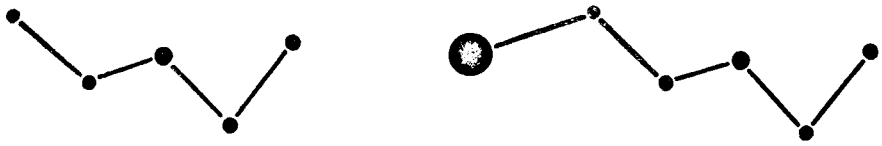


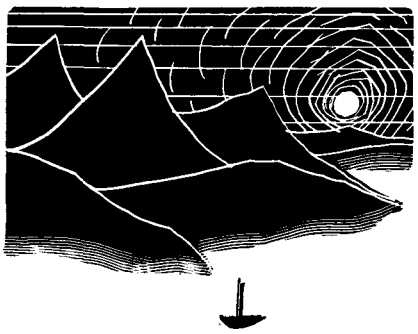
SR's issue of January 2, 1960 carried the first general magazine report on the prospects for intelligent life on planets of stars other than our sun. Later, SR's science editor was the only journalist to witness beginning of an abortive search for such life, by astronomer Frank D. Drake at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, Green Bank, West Virginia. Since then many books have been written on the subject. Sketches above (left, Constellation Cassiopeia as it looks from earth; right, as Cassiopeia would look from the nearest star, *Alpha Centauri*, 3.4 light-years off) are from *Planets for Man* by Stephen H. Dole and Isaac Asimov (Random House). The very large sixth star in the sketch at right is, of course, our sun.

century. We are casting around for new concepts, as I have been doing here.

New concepts are like genetic mutations, and like genetic mutations most of them turn out badly. But without mutations there can be no evolution, and without new ideas we should indeed be doomed. Over the decades ahead it is likely that, quite apart from changes dictated by the pressure of events, there will be really major changes brought about by new ideas, by argument, and by discussion.

An interesting example is the world population problem, treated in detail by my distinguished fellow countryman, Sir Julian Huxley. Fifty years ago this problem was hardly ever discussed. Today it has become a major issue of argument and discussion. It remains to be seen whether this attention will change things or not, whether our *awareness* of a serious problem leads to its solution. I suspect it may. There seems some evidence that the intellectual pressure to which even the Roman Catholic Church is being exposed is causing the Church to modify its position. If this should happen the power of thought and rational argument would be manifest, and there would at least be hope that the future is subject to our influence, that what we think matters.

We are very conscious of the importance of teaching children that they should not always follow the simplest line in their personal lives. We send them to school instead of allowing them to play, and at a later age we encourage them to spend several years learning a trade or a profession instead of following the immediately easier path of taking a job. We are all aware that unpleasant necessities have entered and will continue to enter our own personal lives. The same thing, it seems to me, can be said for our whole species. If we try always for the easy way out of every problem, things may turn out really more difficult in the end.



It is easier to do nothing, or very little, about the underdeveloped countries. But if we follow such a course it is inevitable that there will be world-wide unrest for an indefinite time into the future. It is probably inevitable that the poor countries will out-populate the rich countries and that all hope of stabilizing the world population will be gone. And if the world population is not stabilized, if it rises as far as it possibly can, consistent with the best technology, nothing but pain and grief will follow. The future will then indeed be based on our cries of agony.

Perhaps because I am an astronomer I believe much more in a relationship between things down here on the earth and *things out there in space* than scientists in other fields are likely to do. Even in physics, there seem to me to be strong arguments to indicate that terrestrial experience is conditioned by external influences. In my own work I have been recently led to a formulation of the relativity theory different from that of Einstein. I can easily describe the results.

In the usual theory the gravitational pull of the sun on the earth is fixed and is quite independent of what goes on "out there." In the new theory this is not the case. The sun, the earth, and the sun's other planets would behave quite differently if by some magic the distant parts of the universe were removed. Suppose the distant parts were gradually removed. The sun itself would grow brighter and brighter, and the earth would spiral in toward it. Life here would be fried to a crisp.

Fortunately, there is no possibility of carrying out this test of the new theory, since not even the tens of billions of dollars spent on the space program are adequate to move the universe. But the issue will undoubtedly be settled in other ways. If the new point of view turns out to be correct, as I believe it will, physics becomes altered. Local experiments no longer suffice to enable us to understand physics completely. We will no longer be able to seal ourselves off from external influences, and even the most ordinary everyday events will seem to be conditioned by what is "out there." In the particular theoretical development I have been mentioning, it turns out that by observing the distant parts of the universe it is possible to determine how hard you will hit the ground if you are unfortunate enough to fall over a cliff.

The new results arise because qualities that have been thought inherent in individual particles, the *mass* in this case, turn out to be determined from outside. I suspect that other qualities of particles, for example electric charge, will similarly turn out to be determined by the universe in the large. The outcome would be a fusion of physics and astronomy, a blurring of the lines that have demarcated the two subjects in the past.

I mention these technical matters because the psychological situation in physics bears a remarkable similarity to the situation in human affairs. Just as physics has regarded itself as a localized subject of study, entirely discoverable through experiments performed in a terrestrial laboratory, so we usually think of ourselves here on the earth as a complete unit, unaffected by what is "out there."

I have been questioning the validity of this point of view. The probability is that there are 100 billion stars with planetary systems in the Milky Way galaxy alone, and 100 billion billion such stars in all the galaxies now within sight of earthly telescopes. Hence the probability of there being intelligent life "out there" is overwhelmingly high. Events here on the earth seem to me to be part of a general pattern, not special to us at all. I have elsewhere pointed out the inevitability of such instruments of evolution as the eye and the brain. Here I have argued that the most remarkable phase in the history of our species, that in which we are now living, the upsurge from a primitive Stone Age to a sophisticated culture and technology, is not just a chance affair. Things must go this way. We are following an inevitable path, one that must have been followed many, many times on other planets.

I now raise the question of communication with other planetary systems. Such communication is almost certainly feasible. Our present-day techniques are not adequate, but we are within sight of what is required. Suppose we were to build an instrument of the type of a radiotelescope, but to be used for transmitting radio signals as well as receiving them, and suppose we could construct a

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big saucerlike metal mirror of the size of the new instrument in Puerto Rico, 1,000 feet in diameter, but with the steerable precision of the Australian 210-foot telescope. Using such an instrument, it would, I think, be possible to transmit an intelligible message as far as the nearest star, some four light-years away, probably even farther. Suppose we could manage to do a little better than this, to send our messages ten times farther. This would reach the nearest thousand stars. And if we could manage one hundred times farther, which I do not regard as out of the question, we could reach the nearest million stars. Somewhere among these, I suspect, is the neighbor we are looking for. Beyond this we do not need to go.

You are all familiar with an ordinary telephone directory. You want to speak to someone, you look up his number, and you dial the appropriate code. My speculation is that a similar situation exists, and has existed for billions of years, in the [Milky Way] galaxy. My speculation is that an interchange of messages is going on, on a vast scale, all the time, and that we are as unaware of it as a pygmy in the African forests is unaware of the radio messages that flash at the speed of light around the earth. My guess is that there might be a million or more subscribers to the galactic directory. Our problem is to get our name into that directory.

The time required for an interchange of messages would be enormously less than the time required for a personal visit in a spaceship. Even if we had fuels that would drive rockets ten times as fast as rockets travel today, it would take us 10,000 years to reach the star nearest our sun. A search for the nearest inhabited planet might take a million years. In contrast, an exchange of messages with the nearest inhabited planet could be achieved in a few centuries. Even this is clearly not a project for the impetuous. But why should it be? Why should the logistic situation be adjusted for the convenience of the individual; why should it be adjusted to satisfy your or my personal curiosity? The important thing is the long-range development of our mental processes over centuries and even millennia. Viewed against the time scale of the development of human culture, a few centuries is quite correct. What is needed are the big thoughts, not the daily baseball scores. It is by no means necessary to gabble continuously across the interstellar spaces.

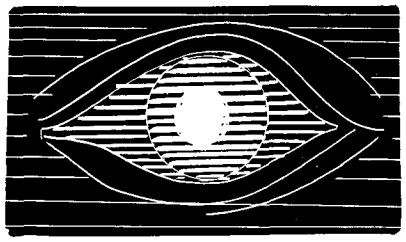
If in other places other species have already followed the difficult route ahead of us, then plainly it would be an enormous advantage to know exactly where the dangers lie on the road. My suspicion is that ample information exists in what I might call a "galactic library" to show exactly what is going to happen to us if the world persists in following current policies. It will be known, for example, what policies lead to nuclear war and what policies avoid it. Acquisition of such information would lead to perhaps the most revolutionary step in human thinking.

From time immemorial man has looked up at the sky in wonder. He has invariably placed his gods there. Instinctively he may well have been correct. To paraphrase the well-known psalm, I will end by saying, "I will lift up mine eyes to the sky from whence cometh my help. . . ."

It may prove to be so.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE WHY OF THE EYE



SENSORY organs such as eyes, ears, and noses have about them a kind of inevitability if life evolves any type of advanced intelligent activity. Electromagnetic waves are ideal for giving a brain an accurate "map" of the outside world. Shock waves transmitted by molecules provide additional valuable clues to the environment and are picked up by ears. The spread of actual molecules from a substance is detected by noses. Since light, sound, and molecules certainly exist on other planets, it seems likely that evolution would invent senses to exploit these phenomena as a means of achieving greater control over the circumstances of life.

Here on earth the eye has had no fewer than three quite independent, parallel developments: the eyes of vertebrate animals, the eyes of insects, and the eyes of various mollusks. The octopus, for example, has a remarkably good eye—in fact, in some respects it is superior to our own. It has eyelids, cornea, iris, lens, retina—as does the human eye—yet it evolved entirely independently of the evolution of the vertebrate eye. It is hard to find a more astonishing instance of how evolution, operating along two disconnected lines of development, managed to invent two complicated instruments that have essentially the same function and structure.

There are good reasons for eyes and other sensory organs to form a kind of face. In the first place, there is an advantage in having eyes, ears, and nose close to the mouth, where they are useful in searching for food. There is an equally great advantage in having them close to the brain. It takes time for a nerve impulse to get from the organs to the brain; the quicker it gets there, the quicker an animal can react in catching food or avoiding danger. Even the brain itself, needed to evaluate and interpret sensory data, accomplishes its thinking by electrical networks—a kind of miniature electrical computer of great complexity. Nerve filaments that carry electrical charges may be the only type of brain that living forms can have.

IF life on another planet reaches the intelligence level of man on earth, it seems probable that it would have at least a few "humanoid" features. There are obvious advantages in having fingers at the ends of arms. For protection, the valuable brain would need to be heavily encased and as far from the ground as possible, where it would be best shielded from the shocks of moving about. Sensory organs, close to the brain and in front, would create something like a face.

"Senator" Clarke Crandall, a Chicago entertainer, has an amusing routine about the advantages of having sensory organs at other spots on the body. An eye on the tip of a finger, for example, would make it possible to see a parade by holding up a hand and looking over the heads of everybody. Ears under the armpits would be kept warm in cold weather. A mouth on top of the head would allow a man to put a sandwich under his hat and eat it on the way to work.

It is easy to see why evolution has avoided such arrangements. An eye on the finger would be too vulnerable to injury, too far from the brain. Armpit ears would not be very efficient for hearing unless you kept your arms perpetually raised. A mouth on the head would expose the brain to injury, make it difficult to see what one was eating, and so on.

—MARTIN GARDNER

in *The Ambidextrous Universe*
(Basic Books, $5.95)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—*Rensselaer Review.*

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Away from the wheel as a mode of transport. Wheels disintegrate under the pull of centrifugal force at speeds well below those of jet-propelled vehicles. How, then, can jet propulsion principles be applied to the problems of land transportation, which have been tying cities into knots and slowly strangling urban life? Professor Joseph V. Foa, a native of Turin, Italy, with a doctorate in aeronautical engineering from the University of Rome, has been thinking about this question for many years and has conducted experiments to test his theories since 1947, when he headed propulsion studies at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo, New York. Now, as chief of the department of aeronautical engineering and astronautics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., he is seeking a million dollars, preferably in the form of research grants from industry, to build a pilot model of a tube system.*

JOSEPH V. FOA

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

MASS transportation on land has made little progress in recent decades, and the public has come to think of it as an inherently inferior means of travel. This is a misconception. Land transport still offers the best promise of speed with safety, reliability, and economy.

The most urgently needed improvement is a drastic increase of speed. A land transportation system that may achieve this objective has been under study for some time at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, with funds supplied by RPI and the U. S. Army Research Office. The contemplated system is one in which jet-propelled vehicles travel at high speeds inside tubes. Its main distinguishing feature is a method of propulsion that permits a great saving of power.

Land vehicles are of necessity constrained to travel along narrowly defined paths. Therefore, unless the prescribed path is a straight line, vehicles traveling at very high speeds must be supported from all sides. This kind of support is best provided within a tube. Moreover, there are obvious safety features intrinsic to the operation of a high-speed vehicle within a tube.

However, in conventional tube transport systems, the motion of the vehicles is accompanied by large displacements of the air masses in the tube.

One type of tube already familiar to transport is the railroad tunnel. A train traversing the tunnel drives the air within the tunnel like a leaky piston.

Another type of tube is the pneumatic tube, used to convey orders and cash in department stores, or to carry mail beneath the streets of large cities from one post office to another. In this type, the vehicles are driven, again like pistons, by a stream of compressed air.

In both of these types of tube transport, so much energy is dissipated in the motion of the air that the power required for propulsion of the vehicles becomes prohibitive at speeds much above those of present-day trains or buses.

In contrast, the tube transport system now under study at Rensselaer permits the air to remain nearly at rest in most of the tube while the vehicles fly through it.

That is, the vehicles propel themselves by transferring the air fore-to-aft through passages within the vehicles and through the space which separates the vehicles from the wall of the tube. The process of transfer produces and maintains the motion of the vehicles. It is not the other way around.

The success of the system lies in the manner in which the air is transferred. Disturbances in the flow are kept at the lowest level compatible with maintenance of required cruising speeds. Gates are provided at stations along the route, to inhibit the motion of the air in the tube during accelerations and decelerations of the vehicles.

Various methods of propulsion have already been investigated in this study.

What may be described as the "local," or slow vehicle, is sketched at the top of the opposite page. In this design, the air is scooped in near the tail, as is done in some jet airplanes. After being compressed and heated, the air rushes out again, forming a propulsive jet. In addition, the jet acts as a pump on the transfer flow. Speeds up to 400 miles per hour can reasonably be expected from this model.

Higher subsonic speeds can be attained by more complicated but basically similar arrangements, in which the air transfer pump is located in the forward portion of the vehicles.

SUPERSONIC travel is possible if a more radical design is adopted. The concept of this model is somewhat more difficult to grasp and is perhaps best understood by analogy to the ramjet engine. A ramjet (schematically shown in the sketch second from the top) consists of a "nose cone" surrounded by a cowling. When the ramjet is properly designed and operated, air enters the engine through a "leading shock wave," extending from the apex of the cone to the lip of the cowling. As it flows around and behind the centerbody within the cowling, the air is compressed and mixed with fuel, undergoes combustion, and is finally expanded. In this process, it exerts a thrust on the centerbody. Ahead of the leading shock wave, the air is everywhere undisturbed.

Imagine now that the solid cylindrical surface surrounding the nose cone of the centerbody is extended indefinitely ahead of the cone as well as behind it. Furthermore, let the extended surface be stationary relative to the undisturbed air ahead, without changing the velocity of the centerbody. The extended cowling is now the tube (third sketch from the top) through which our vehicles travel.

We must remember, however, that the air within the tube, ahead of the leading shock wave, must remain at rest. How, then, are disturbances originating at the nose cone kept from propagating ahead of the vehicles and slowing the vehicles down?

This question has various answers, the simplest of which may sound strange to unaccustomed ears. What is done is to compress some of the captured air, heat it, and eject it again in the shape of propeller blades which help to transfer the remainder of the air through the space separating the vehicle from the surrounding tube.

This propeller is not an imaginary one. It is quite real and works in much the same way as a fan with solid blades. Research on this device has been partially supported by Rensselaer, by the U.S. Air Force Office of Scientific Research, the U.S. Navy Bureau of Ships, and the U.S. Army Transpor-

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tation Command. Because it is not customary to think of propeller blades made of a fluid (such as air), it may help to think of a revolving lawn sprinkler with nozzles throwing off spiral jets of water.

By analogy to the lawn sprinkler, the nose cones of the vehicles could include a freely spinning section with slanted nozzles, through which the air, already scooped up and compressed, would be ejected to form the propeller blades. In a more attractive version, the air blades are formed without any moving mechanical parts. This is done by scooping the air into the vehicles as before, compressing and heating the air inside the nose cones, and finally, passing the air through an annular row of stationary vanes on the outer surfaces of the nose cones near the base of the cones. The air emerges from the vanes as spiraling streams which move around the cone in a rotating pattern like that of propeller blades. With this use of the fluid propeller, speeds up to 2,000 mph may be obtained.

Our experiments at Rensselaer have been limited to models only three inches in diameter and six inches long, in tubes up to forty feet long (see photo on opposite page). The next planned step is a pilot model in a tube three feet in diameter and three miles long.

It is believed that this transportation system would be best suited for operation at speeds from 250 to 2,000 mph, over distances where the use of such speeds would be economically justifiable (probably in excess of fifty miles for the lower speeds). The first step in the implementation of the system should probably be a pilot, mail-carrying line; a second step could be a shuttle service for passengers between two cities not too far apart (*e.g.*, New York and Boston or Washington). The operating frequency of these shuttle services could be very high, because of the intrinsic safety of the system.

The principle of the ground effect machine [see *SR* Research, Dec. 1, 1962] could be employed to support the vehicles from all sides and to cushion their free motion in the tube. Vehicles so supported, if their centers of gravity were appropriately low, would automatically tilt themselves to the correct angle of bank in every curve on the travel route, regardless of speed.

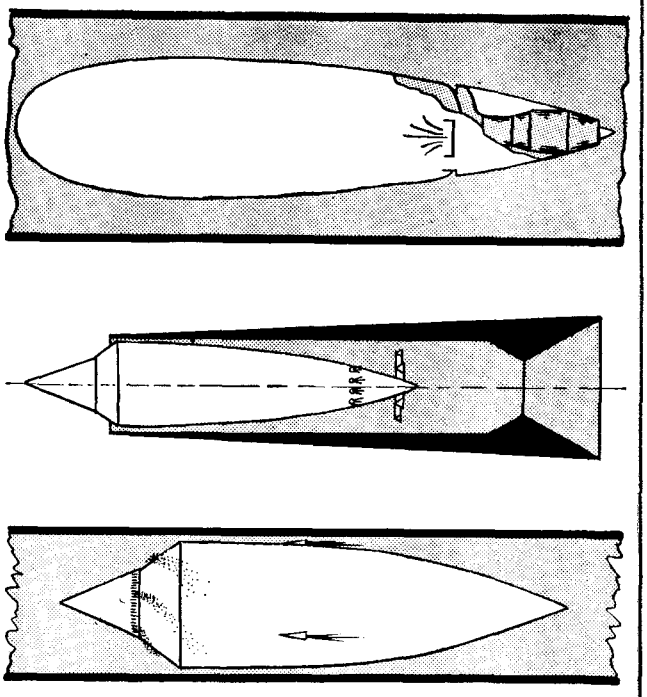
The presence of large and confined masses of air within the tube provides a safe and simple solution to the problem of bringing vehicles to rest from speeds at which it would not be practicable to dissipate all the stored kinetic energy through sliding friction between solid surfaces. As soon as the input of propulsive power to the transfer flow of air is shut off, the behavior of the vehicles in relation to the adjacent masses of air changes to the already mentioned piston-like action of conventionally-driven vehicles. The result is a large retarding force capable of producing any braking action that may be desired or required, even under severe circumstances.

From the standpoint of technical feasibility, construction of a system paced to speeds up to 300 or 350 mph could be undertaken immediately. Adaptation of the system for longer distances and higher speeds would have to be a gradual development following successful solution of the engineering problems associated with the transition to supersonic speeds and with the propulsion, support and stability of vehicles at supersonic speeds. An effort toward the supersonic should be made from the very start, however; for no matter how successful the "low-speed" versions may turn out to be, all indications of our analyses are that the superiority of the proposed carriers over existing transport systems would be greater at supersonic than at subsonic speeds.

For the shorter lines, roadbeds of abandoned railways could be returned to productive social use, as was done, for example, in construction of the great turnpike that crosses Pennsylvania. Or the center malls of superhighways could be used as tube sites.

What is needed most at this time is the active interest of industry, which alone has the capabilities to fully exploit the potential of tube travel.

Tube Transport



ELEMENTS OF A SYSTEM OF ROCKET TRANSPORT through tubes are sketched above by Doug Anderson, following drawings by Broderick in the *Rensselaer Review*. Air in top three sketches is shaded grey. Blades of propeller formed by air stream are dotted in third sketch.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Emotional Scientists

In "Sensational Ignoramus" [*SR*, Oct. 3] Mr. Charles A. Wood writes ". . . disturbing perversions of the truth . . . substantial ignorance . . . jumble of sensationalistic science and politics . . . ."

May I suggest that such heated, violent language and emotions have no place in "The House of Intellect" and ask that you be more careful in future of the type of response you allow to grace your (or *our*) pages?

Paul Douglas, Pastor,
St. Paul's United Church of Christ,
(Evangelical and Reformed).
Mineral City, O.

Editor's note: *SR's science editor wishes all his readers were so respectful of him. But he points sadly to the letter below.*

For some time now I have been an interested reader of *Saturday Review*. I have more than enjoyed your special departments, particularly the Phoenix Nest, Top of My Head, Manner of Speaking, and the editorials. Sometimes I have agreed, sometimes I've disagreed with what was written, but I have always been sure of the capability of the authors to write of what they did. I make the exception for John Lear, however.

Even a casual reader of *Saturday Review* will note how frequently Mr. Lear's writing causes substantial controversy. From recent weeks alone his whirlwinds over fluoridation and Ranger VII come readily to mind. That he can so very easily arouse a naturally restrained group of professionals should in itself make the man suspect.

The more careful reader will discern that Mr. Lear has a strange reverence for what he perceives as facts and an astonishing selectivity which supports an arrogance demonstrably unstomachable by the scientific community. He has demonstrated a complete lack of understanding of the scientific method. He so misinterprets the method of science that he takes conflicting opinions and conclusions of scientists as crossed thunderbolts, each aimed at demolishing the opposing author. He translates rational dialogue into sensational duel. What his intentions are I cannot say. They transparently are not science reporting.

Perhaps Professor Gerard Kuiper touched part of it when he observed Mr. Lear's interest in the broader political aspects of the space program. If that or other interests are dominant, Mr. Lear should admit it, resign, and write a different column better suited to those interests.

Louis Lavoie.
Chicago, Ill.

Measuring Gravity

Re personality portrait XCIX [*SR*, Oct. 3], and your parenthetical comment on the pendulum response to varying values of earth gravity:

The fact is that the period of the swing varies—the greater the intensity of gravity, the faster the swing and the shorter the period. It is thus by timing the swing that the value of gravity is derived. The amplitude, though attenuated by air resistance and bearing friction, is affected not at all by the differences in gravity.

Gravity experts and geodesists have long wished for perfect ways of measuring gravity over the great areas covered by oceans, but there are none. Water-supported vessels, surface or submarine, react to water movements and exhibit accelerations that "dirty" gravity measurements, however made aboard. The only platform stable enough to satisfy a geodesist is solid earth!

Vening-Meinesz's crowning achievement, the measurement of gravity at sea, one of the outstanding advances in geophysics, depended on his invention of a compound pendulum system which could be used meaningfully aboard a submerged submarine, the most stable sea vessel available. As finally developed, this system employed a gimballed array of three pendulums, swinging in a thwartships plane, the two outer ones swinging at the same period but in opposite phase, and the center one hanging free to reflect the few degrees of ship roll. An optical system reflecting light between mirrors on the swinging and free pendulums provided data that, after lengthy analysis, showed the pendulum periods free of the accelerations of the vessel.

Prior to the mid-twenties, when this ingenious device went to work under Vening-Meinesz's deft handling, four-fifths of the earth had unknown gravity values and anomalies. His pendulums provided readings good to about three or four milligals (a gal is a measure of acceleration), rather poor by contrast with the customary one milligal resolution of land-based pendulums but tremendously better than nothing. The inventor proceeded through years of submarine work to investigate the gravity fields and physical structure of the earth's principal island-arc structures, adding significantly to our knowledge of the earth and its interior.

Modern gravity meters, depending on the elastic properties of materials rather than on pendulum periods, are exquisitely sensitive to differences of the field from place to place, but are not useful for absolute measures. They have been adapted to shipboard use, working faster and with less effort, but not yet improving the quality achieved forty years ago by the genius from Holland.

Elliott Roberts.
Westmoreland Hills, Md.

Editor's note: *SR readers should be aware that Dr. Ronald Fraser, former editor of "ICSU Review" and author of the Personality Portrait of Felix Vening-Meinesz, was not responsible for the foreshortened (and, to the extent of the foreshortening, erroneous) explanation of gravity's effect on pendulums. As reader Roberts says, the force of gravity does not shorten the arc of the pendulum but does shorten the time required for the pendulum's swing through the arc.*

Cleveland Moon

Speaking of problems of perception and distortion in "Letter from Cleveland" [*SR*, Oct. 3]—who goofed?

Or was a word used improperly?

Mr. Plank wrote—"the moon—past the half mark but still crescent." If his remark means what it says, then his guests were looking at the moon sometime between about 2:00 A.M. and sunrise, in which case the cusps would have been pointing to the right.

If the editor's note is correct—that the cusps were pointing to the left—then Mr. Plank's guests were looking at the moon

"Your Honor: John C. Hanch, complainant, against Sperry Gyroscope. . . ."

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between sunset and 10:00 P.M.—but the moon was not past the half mark.

Did Mr. Plank mean "approaching the half mark but still crescent?" That is what the situation would have to be for the editor's note to be correct.

CLAYTON V. B. WILKIN.

Encino, Calif.

IN REPLY to Mr. Wilkin's letter: The moon was distinctly horned, and the horns were pointing leftward. My reference to the half mark was intended to convey the impression that more than half of the half-moon facing the sunset horizon was lit by the sun. The observations were made early in the evening.

ROBERT PLANK.

Cleveland, O.

The Little People

JOHN LEAR'S cover article about the Mound Builders [SR, Oct. 3] is a fascinating report on a mysterious and industrious people who lived on our continent three millenniums ago. An even more ancient race, however, were the pygmies, who antedated the Mound Builders.

A mile south of Coshocton, Ohio, there is a so-called pygmy cemetery, containing an estimated three thousand graves of a people not more than three feet tall. Who they were, where they came from and what happened to them are questions that, so far as I know, have as yet no answers.

HENRY C. WOLFE.

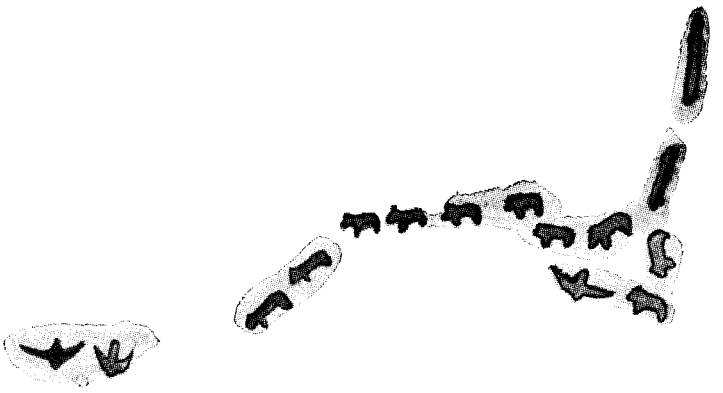
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A literature search conducted by Mrs. Marion Bates, librarian for the Ohio Historical Society at Columbus, discloses an entry in the "American Journal of Science and Arts" (also called the Silliman journal), Volume XXXI, No. 1, page 69. This item reads:*

"A short distance below Coshocton, on one of those elevated gravelly alluvions, so common on the rivers of the West, has been recently discovered a very singular ancient burying ground. From some remains of wood, still apparent in the earth around the bones, the bodies seem all to have been deposited in coffins, and what is still more curious is the fact that the bodies buried here were generally not more than from three to four and a half feet in length. They are very numerous, and must have been tenants of a considerable city, or their numbers could not have been so great. A large number of graves have been opened, the inmates of which are all of this pygmy race. No metallic articles or utensils have yet been found, to throw light on the period or the nation to which they belonged. Similar burying grounds have been found in Tennessee and near St. Louis in Missouri."

The item is headed "Miscellaneous Observations made During a Tour in May, 1835 to the Falls of the Cayahoga, near Lake Erie: Extracted from the Diary of a Naturalist." The naturalist was identified as Dr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta, O.

The pygmy cemetery is not maintained as an historical site at the present time, although a small stone marker is there. The graves lie undisturbed beneath the fields of a private farm.



Iowa's Marching Bears

ANCIENT AMERICA'S GEOMETERS [SR, Oct. 3] was of especial interest to me, for I have been fascinated by the mounds in Effigy National Park at Marquette, Iowa. From this spot one can look up and down the Mississippi and across to Wisconsin.

My concern is whether the caption for the diagram on page 55 should have read Marquette, Iowa, instead of Marquette, Ohio.

Iowans are proud of this historic spot on the "Father of Waters."

MISS CAROL SNYDER.

Des Moines, Iowa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Snyder's concern is justified. Marquette, Iowa, was swept into Ohio by a typographical error. Effigy Mounds National Monument (the park mentioned in Miss Snyder's letter) is one of the most interesting sites of ancient habitation in North America. Within its 1,500 acres, perched on a clifftop 300 feet above the Mississippi River, are 191 known prehistoric mounds, twenty-nine of them in the form of bears and birds. One, called the Great Bear Mound, is seventy feet across the shoulders and forelegs, 137 feet long, three and a half feet high. The Marching Bears troupe (sketched above) contains ten bear-shaped mounds in a line, with three birds.*

The Effigy Mounds National Monument is situated three miles north of Marquette on Iowa state highway 13, and is open every day of the year except Christmas. The park overlooks Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on the river's opposite shore, a key point in exploration and settlement of the Upper Mississippi. The earliest surviving mention of the effigy mounds is in Jonathan Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767, 1768."

The National Park Service, which maintains the Marquette park site under an act of Congress, says some of the mounds contain relics of the Hopewell culture (see SR, Oct. 3) as well as an apparently later people who used copper for tools rather than for ornaments. These copper toolmakers seem to have been supplanted between A.D. 1300 and 1400 by the Oneota Indians, who were in turn succeeded by the Ioways, another Indian people after whom the state of Iowa is named.

Displaced Alligator

APPARENTLY you have many readers in Licking County, Ohio, for my phone began to ring even before I had received my own subscription copy of *Saturday Review*. The Alligator referred to in "Ancient America's Geometers" [SR, Oct. 3] is within sight of the windows of the office where I write a daily column for the *Newark (O.) Advocate*.

You said the Alligator Mound was near Oranville. I think this error must have been transcribed from the old maps from which your composite diagram of effigy mounds was laid out.

The Alligator Mound is part of the Bryn Du Farm estate, an eighth of a mile northeast of the farm I inherited from my grandfather, Professor Charles White. The mound is on private pasture land, legally isolated from curiosity seekers.

MINNIE HITE MOODY.

Granville, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Columnist Moody is right in supposing that the name Oranville was copied from an old engraving. She was wrong in telling her readers, in one of her recent columns, that SR's report on ancient American geometers was drawn principally from an old archeological report. Interviews with living archeologists presently engaged in field research on mound building civilizations provided most of the SR text.*

GREAT APPRECIATION to SR/Research and its contributors for "Ancient America's Geometers" [SR, Oct. 3].

One of these ancient mounds that has undoubtedly been lost, or at least yet not identified as such, is situated about six miles from Millen, Georgia, in Jenkins County, about 100 yards or more uphill from Magnolia Springs.

As children, more than forty years ago, playing atop this square mound (which is somewhat like ancient forts might have been) we thought that maybe Sherman had built it in his march through Georgia. But after reading your article, and comparing appearance and style of the mound's construction, I am inclined to believe it belongs to the mound builders culture.

On my last visit to Magnolia Springs, this mound was still there. Apparently not singled out or identified by the State, it perhaps may remain so, alas for Georgia.

PAUL H. DYAL.

New York, N.Y.

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How Much Precision?

I CONSIDER that your article entitled "Ancient America's Geometers" is generally more accurate and much better written than most popular articles on archeological topics and will restrict my comments to one point. This concerns the precision of the circles, squares, octagons, etc., found in the earthworks of the Ohio area. I infer that your remarks about the precision of these earthworks are based primarily on the Squier-Davis illustrations and, while admiring the degree of accuracy in layout that was occasionally attained by the builders, I think that your statement about "thousands of earthworks in the form of perfect squares, perfect circles, perfect squares within perfect circles, etc.," is a gross overstatement and misleading.

A number of the extant earthworks were resurveyed in the late 19th century for the Bureau of American Ethnology, the results being published in Cyrus Thomas's "Report on the Mound Explorations of the Bureau of Ethnology" (*12th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1894*) and later summarized by Gerard Fowke in his *Archaeological History of Ohio* (1902). Although the artistic representations of Squier and Davis can only be admired, the BAE found that the accuracy of these authors was rather a mixed bag. For instance, while the "Fairgrounds Circle" at Newark, the octagon at the High Banks Works, and the square at the Baum Works were all quite symmetrical and essentially as represented, the small circle at the Harness Works and both features at the Hopeton Works were far from precise in their geometry although shown as such by Squier and Davis.

It is most unfortunate that many of the more elaborate Ohio earthworks were obliterated before their dimensions could be checked by a second or third party. Perhaps even more unfortunate is the fact that very few of these sites have ever been investigated by professional archeologists and that almost all such work was done forty years ago or more. The few post-World War II investigations (three that I know of) remain unreported or very poorly so. The apparent complexity of such sites as the Newark and High Banks Works may well be due to a long sequence of occupation and construction at the site areas, but this has no especial bearing on the point about precision.

JOHN P. WILSON,
Museum of New Mexico.
Santa Fe, N.Mex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Wilson, a graduate student now working on his dissertation, may be right, but he falls rather short of documenting his case. The example he cites includes three precise and three less precise figures. If only one half of thousands of geometrically-shaped mounds were precisely constructed, they would still number in the thousands.*

Future of God

I AM FINALLY going to write you my objections to your silly science editor. I don't know his training but he is no scientist. In fact, he is anti-science.

I didn't reach this conclusion until I found this statement on page 175 of your 40th anniversary issue [*SR*, Aug. 29] imputing to scientists (*all* scientists) greed and callousness. I am a scientist (chemist, Ph.D., Ohio State University) and I know dozens of scientists. For all of us, I must protest vigorously. Mr. Lear does not write the truth.

Now I can see why his articles have always irritated me. As a scientist I am devoted to truth and am irritated and even angry with one who twists the truth.

I enjoy all the rest of your magazine and am irritated by only one other thing—the occasional sophomoric humor which turns up in the Phoenix Nest. Irritated but never offended.

Please think seriously about pitching John Lear out and getting a pro-science science editor in. Truth will be served.

PETER M. HAY.
Summit, N.J.

THE ONLY REASON that I subscribe to the *Saturday Review* is to read your inspiring scientific articles.

Your "The Future of God" is worth a year's subscription price.

Please don't allow anyone to cramp your style.

CURT KANOW.
Ixonia, Wis.

BRAVOS for "The Future of God." Ideas filter into our consciousness slowly and now over a period of many years I am able to understand and accept with great relief and joy the truth of the essence of your article.

In my reading and exposure, I believe that Emerson started in my thoughts in this direction. Then Eiseley, Gamow, Dart, Shapley, Teilhard, Dobzhansky, Tax, Dodson, Jastrow and 'Abdu'l-Baha together with Sartre, then finally your article. All contributed.

I want to thank you for your help.

MRS. HEATHER STEWART.
Waiakoa, Hawaii.

Ciphers

RICHARD BELLMAN [*SR*, Apr. 4] referred to a "significant breakthrough in the decipherment of an Aztec script . . ." by Russian technologists. I wonder whether he had the *Mayan* codices in mind, rather than the Aztecan.

Two years ago the *UNESCO Magazine* published a piece entitled "Computer Deciphers Maya Hieroglyphs" by Felix Shirokov, lecturer, Moscow Power Institute. The article was illustrated with numerous and familiar Mayan glyphs, photos of Mayas, and one photo of Russian mathematicians immersed in paperwork, with the caption reading "cryptogram technique used to solve linguistic enigma."

In view of my own interest in the Maya, I asked Russian delegates at a conference in East Africa in September 1963 what progress has been made in this connection and whether they had published any material on it. The delegates said they had heard nothing about this breakthrough, but promised to investigate and write me. So far I have not heard from them.

I noticed with interest a short statement made by Professor Wolfgang Cordan in his 1963 book, *Secret of the Forest* (on the trades of Maya temples), to the effect (p. vi) that the widely announced decoding done by the Russians drew a blank.

MRS. HERBERT S. ZIM.
Tavernier, Fla.

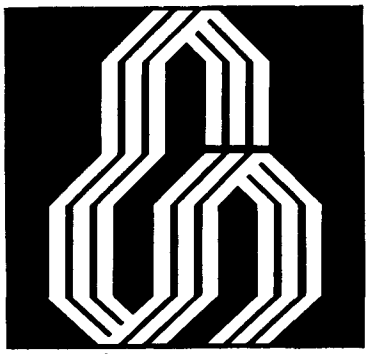
Rassling the Robots

IN THE LEAD feature for April 4, you seem to assert your fear of the consequences of the expanding use of electronic computers by asking: Are the future days of free men being numbered, too, without thought? In my own work I have detected in the *indiscriminate use* of computers some evidence that supports the need to ask the question. It is precisely because of the *brawnpower* of the computer that so little *brainpower* is brought to the problem-solving task by so many people who have access to the computer. Hence I distinguish two classes of users of computers.

On the one hand is the tiny class for whose members the computer is the means for an unprecedented extension of the human intellect; its members are the persons for whom Hamming's Aphorism is a way of life: The purpose of computing is insight, not numbers. For such people, the *concept of a computer* may be more important than the computer itself.

On the other hand is the almost unbounded class whose primary attraction to the computer is that it can—and does—free them from the need for thinking deeply about their work.

ROBERT M. GORDON,
Director, Programming Operations,
Northrup Corporation.
Beverly Hills, Calif.



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(Continued on page 74)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 73)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1596

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Region of NE France, famous for its wines.	170 126 155 188 50 172 39 140 97
B. Something said to be better than no bread, (3 wds.).	182 83 151 30 100 192 146 18 132
C. Antonym of false, fictitious, counterfeit.	135 183 154 96 131 176 141 37 48
D. Thin, varnishlike outer layer of a horse's hoof.	145 47 32 80 73 105 20 93
E. Slightly yellowish.	3 121 179 139 109 13 190 90 107
F. Small town in Argyll county, Scotland, famous for its herring fishing and ancient castle.	133 25 66 150 84 169 46 86 119
G. Princess who found the shipwrecked Ulysses on the shore (*Odyssey*).	33 122 115 82 175 153 69 24
H. Fruit of an East Indian tree which yields a fine black juice used for writing on cotton stuffs (2 wds.).	42 174 78 63 59 123 187 7
I. Having a fresh or youthful vision (comp.).	68 34 74 128 160 21 138 57 14
J. Where the housewife does not expect to see her neighbor's morning milk (4 wds.).	111 106 10 181 116 89 76 38 185 67 120 191
K. Said of a secret message not as yet translated into ordinary language.	49 134 124 45 17 99 87 117 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Tightened, said of tendons or muscles.	101 127 112 9 28 103
M. Regardful; mindful.	11 168 129 16 52 162 1 92 148
N. Activator to stimulate biochemical reaction, such as a co-enzyme, insulin, a vitamin, a hormone.	15 55 77 27 62 58 6 136 165 164 95
O. Shallows near land (2 wds.).	40 156 144 180 104 186 71 189 26 177 81 75
P. (From) one side to the other (comp.).	5 12 157 35 43 178 110 54
Q. In impressive style; with great magnificence, display, ceremony, formality.	70 143 29 61 94 137 108
R. Article of apparel which no son is ever too old to be urged to wear, on occasion.	149 167 98 4 64 79 118
S. A beehive.	102 2 56 142 60 91 159
T. Bias; disadvantage; preconceived opinion.	23 44 51 88 152 22 161 114 85
U. Military service stripes (2 wds.).	130 53 41 36 184 65 147 171 8
V. Specifying any wildcat money (comp.).	72 163 19 158 31 125 113 166 173

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 M	2 S	3 E	■	4 R	5 P	6 N	7 H	8 U	■	9 L	10 J	11 M	12 P	13 E	14 I	■	15 N
16 M	■	17 K	18 B	19 V	20 D	21 I	22 T	■	23 T	24 G	25 F	26 O	27 N	28 L	29 Q	■	30 B
31 V	32 D	■	33 G	34 I	35 P	36 U	37 C	38 J	39 A	■	40 O	41 U	■	42 H	43 P	44 T	45 K
■	46 F	47 D	48 C	49 K	50 A	51 T	52 M	53 U	54 P	55 N	56 S	57 I	■	58 N	59 H	60 S	61 Q
■	62 N	■	63 H	64 R	65 U	■	66 F	67 J	68 I	69 G	70 Q	71 O	■	72 V	73 D	74 I	75 O
■	76 J	77 N	78 H	79 R	80 D	81 O	82 G	■	83 B	84 F	85 T	■	86 F	87 K	88 T	89 J	90 E
91 S	92 M	93 D	94 Q	■	95 N	96 C	97 A	■	98 R	99 K	100 B	101 L	■	102 S	103 L	104 O	105 D
106 J	107 E	■	108 Q	109 E	110 P	■	111 J	112 L	113 V	■	114 T	115 G	116 J	117 K	118 R	■	119 F
120 J	121 E	■	122 G	123 H	124 K	■	125 V	126 A	127 L	128 I	■	129 M	130 U	131 C	■	132 B	133 F
134 K	135 C	136 N	137 Q	138 I	■	139 E	140 A	141 C	142 S	143 Q	144 O	■	145 D	146 B	147 U	148 M	■
149 R	150 F	151 B	152 T	153 G	154 C	155 A	156 O	157 P	158 V	159 S	■	160 I	161 T	162 M	163 V	164 N	■
165 N	166 V	167 R	■	168 M	169 F	170 A	171 U	■	172 A	173 V	174 H	175 G	176 C	■	177 O	178 P	■
179 E	180 O	181 J	■	182 B	183 C	184 U	185 J	186 O	187 H	188 A	■	189 O	190 E	191 J	192 B	193 K	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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